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THE "UNEXPLORED DESERT" OF
SCIENCE.

[In the Marquess of Salisbury's noble address at Oxford I find the following passage: "We live in a small bright oasis of knowledge, surrounded on all sides by a vast unexplored region of impenetrable mystery. From age to age the strenuous labor of successive generations wins a small strip from the desert, and pushes forward the boundary of knowledge."]

FORWARD I send my soul
Across the coming ages, and I see
Science unfolding every mystery,
And graving on her scroll

The Cosmic plan complete;
Tracing the power that fashion'd germ and
cell,
Evolved the living form ineffable,
Set earth beneath man's feet,

Above him rear'd the sky —
The power that works anear and works
afar,
That moves in mite and man, in spark and
star,
The Sole Divinity!

I see the outstretch'd plan,
The chart of perfect knowledge full and
fair;
Man of the master's utmost thought aware,
And God aface with man.

St. James's Gazette.

E. J. REED.

THE SEA-GULL.

THE pale, pathetic sunshine on park and
pleasaunce lay,
Where Whatton stood serene and proud in
the soft November day;
The fragile roses lingering upon each
drooping stalk,
Guarded, with purple heather bell, the
ordered garden walk.
And where the water shimmered, beneath
the yellowing tree,
Upon his rock the sea-gull sate dreaming
of the sea.

From Leicestershire's fair uplands, from
his sheltered inland home,
His spirit flew where wide and wild tossed
the broad leagues of foam.
He saw the glitter of the surge flash from
the rolling waves,
He heard the breakers thundering, deep in
the rocky caves,
He saw the cliff side, grim and stern, where
he so fain would be,
The lonely sea-gull on the rock, still dream-
ing of the sea.

He heard the "shouting" of the birds that
from the eyrie swept,
With whirr and swoop of broad grey wings,
where their prey below them leapt;
Above the lavish food they brought, the
keen, black eyes grew dim;
The stately swan that glided by was never
mate for him;
Better the wildest ocean storm, than the
sunniest land-locked lea;
So on his rock the sea-gull stood dreaming
of the sea.

All The Year Round.

EBB AND FLOW.

UP at your grave, my darling, where the
great tides ebb and flow,
Where the tall cross faces the wild west
wind, and the early snowdrops blow.
Up at your grave, my darling, the steps
grow weak and slow,
The dim eyes scarcely see the waves where
the great tides ebb and flow.
The ears are dull to the music where the
great tides ebb and flow,
The crash of the rollers lacks the spell they
wove me long ago.
So many hopes have failed me, so many
dreams lie low,
Since I left your rest upon the Head where
the great tides ebb and flow.
Yet one thing never alters, as the great
tides ebb and flow,
As I loved you then, I love you now, and
in Heaven, my dear, you know.

All The Year Round.

SONG OF TRUCE.

TILL the tread of marching feet
Through the quiet grass-grown street
Of the little town shall come,
Soldier, rest awhile at home.

While the banners idly hang,
While the bugles do not clang,
While is hushed the clamorous drum,
Soldier, rest awhile at home.

In the breathing-time of Death,
While the sword is in its sheath,
While the cannon's mouth is dumb,
Soldier, rest awhile at home.

Not too long the rest shall be.
Soon enough, to Death and thee,
The assembly call shall come.
Soldier, rest awhile at home.

Academy.

R. F. MURRAY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A CHANGE OF CZARS.

Le roi est mort, vive le roi! A hackneyed phrase indeed, continually repeated and received, without criticism of its ordinarily accepted signification. And yet the implied idea, that the decease of a monarch and the accession of his successor are circumstances of small importance to the interests of the general public, must have been particularly incorrect in the times when the phrase was invented, and when the personality of a semi-despotic ruler was a most important factor in shaping the destinies of his country. Is the idea more correct to-day? This is a question we have frequently asked ourselves, when noting the thoughtless manner in which it was expressed by the modern journalist in speaking of the death of Alexander III., and the accession of Nicholas II. to the throne of the autocrats of all the Russias. We hold that, as regards Russia, it is certainly incorrect, and we purpose to give our views on this subject, and to consider some of the more important results to be anticipated from the recent "Change of Czars."

Under no circumstances in life is the difference between the heir and his predecessor likely to be more strikingly shown than when the son succeeds his father on the throne of an autocratic country. Many things combine not only to establish and confirm wide differences between the character and ideas of father and son, but also to conceal both those differences and the real character of the son, until the day arrives when, emancipated in a single moment alike from the authority of the sovereign and the parent, the son stands before the world, himself the undisputed autocrat.

Nicholas II. had not, before the death of his father, reached an age at which the relations between father and son were likely to attract public notice; but apart from what was previously known of his character, his public actions and utterances since his accession have afforded sufficient evi-

dence of the great difference of temperament, and perhaps of principle, which seems likely to lead the present czar into somewhat different paths from those followed by his predecessor.

In Russia the character and temperament of the irresponsible autocratic ruler, unfettered either by constitutional obligations or by an organized and expressed public opinion, are of the highest importance,—particularly if the czar is a man of strong character and convictions. We do not contend that the domestic or even the foreign policy of Russia depends solely on the will of the autocrat; but the absolute submission to his authority, which is the tradition of the peasantry, and the servile anxiety of the official classes to meet and humor his ideas and fancies, render his personal disposition the most important factor in determining the conduct of his government.

In spite, however, of this exceptionally strong position, there are certain undefined traditions and usages which the czar has to take into account in forming his resolutions; and although never organized or expressed according to Western habits, there is also, on some questions, a well-ascertained public opinion, which the boldest ruler would hesitate to resist. As an instance of our meaning, we would mention that, until the eyes of the peasant army were opened by the experiences of the last Turkish war, there was throughout Russia a genuine and sincere sympathy for the orthodox Slavs who remained under Turkish rule. This feeling of sympathy, combined with the traditional hatred of the ancient Mohammedan foe, produced the war fever which led Alexander II., against his will, to enter on a struggle from which Russia has not yet fully recovered. To take another instance: fully as the educated classes recognize the necessity of curtailing the excessive number of holidays, strictly observed in remembrance of the very numerous Russian saints, no czar would dare to abolish one of them, until the spread of education may have

secured the approval of the superstitious peasantry. Such are the checks and limitations on the absolute power of the czar, and their existence must not be forgotten when considering the influence of his personality on the affairs of his country.

To arrive at a fair appreciation of the probable effect in Russia, and on the relations of Russia with the rest of the world, which may be anticipated from the recent change of czars, we will in the first place consider the more prominent features of the character of Alexander III., and then endeavor to trace the extent and limits of his personal influence, in a brief retrospect of the history of his reign.

In spite of the secluded life led by the late czar, enough is known of his character, temperament, and tastes to enable us, on reflection, to account for some of the most glaring inconsistencies between his professions and his conduct. And these inconsistencies were many and striking. The most kind-hearted of men was the cruellest persecutor of many thousands of his subjects, of different races and creeds. The great lover of peace spent millions on a Black Sea fleet, which could serve no purpose but as an instrument of aggression; and he permitted the constant wilful provocations of a friendly power, which so nearly led to war at the time of the Penjdeh incident, and which, without the exaggerated forbearance of the British Foreign Office, must have long since provoked a serious crisis on the Pamir question. The man of honor countenanced the ruffians who abducted Alexander of Bulgaria, and sought to assassinate his ministers; and the autocrat who prided himself on being the great conservative force in Europe, broke with the family tradition of friendship with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, and exchanged congratulatory telegrams with a president of a French republic in one of its wildest moods; whilst the population of his capital cheered the strains of the Marseillaise, played by his express permission.

The first clue towards an explana-

tion of the inconsistencies of Alexander III. is to be found in the extraordinary chauvinism which held the chief place in a singularly narrow mind. In a retiring reticent man this remarkable chauvinism found little or no expression in public utterances, and its exaggeration was therefore not readily apparent; but it is certain that no chauvinistic Frenchman ever equalled the late czar in profound faith in the surpassing pre-eminence of everything connected with his own nation. His belief in Russia and the Russians amounted to fanaticism, and was complicated and exaggerated by a deep conviction that he was the divinely appointed ruler of a chosen people, and, in virtue of his office, the sacred instrument of Providence. Without quite arriving at a doctrine of infallibility concerning his own person, the czar certainly regarded an imperial ukase as invested with all the sanctity attached by devout Roman Catholics to a Papal bull. He was a truly religious man; but one of the first tenets of his faith was the sacredness of the office which combined his temporal power as autocrat with his spiritual distinction as head of the orthodox Church. His religion was rather that of the Old Testament than that of the New. In his mind, the world was divided into those who implicitly accepted the Russian official version of the Greek faith and those who did not so accept it. The former were the elect, and the latter were doomed to perdition; and if their heresy gave rise to any question, no mercy should be shown to them. He was a devoted husband and father, but he would have dealt in the most unsparing manner with any member of his family who might have appeared to question his spiritual authority; and it is probable that, even in his own mind, he never attempted to draw the line between his spiritual and his temporal authority.

And yet, strange to say, all Alexander's exalted ideas as to his divine mission were accompanied by the greatest humility with regard to his personal qualities and capacities as an

individual man. An authentic and very instructive story is told, which gives the clearest evidence of this great personal humility. On the death of Admiral Shestakoff, the late minister of marine, his papers were, according to custom, sealed up for inspection by the proper authority. Amongst these papers was found a letter from the much-hated minister, M. Pobiedonostsoff, formerly the czar's tutor, and of late years his most trusted adviser. In this letter, referring to some proposal of the admiral's, Pobiedonostsoff wrote, "You are quite right, but the czar is too stupid to understand it." Great was the triumph of the minister's enemies when it was found that this letter would be brought to the emperor's notice, and the disgrace of the hated favorite was confidently anticipated. Alexander, however, on reading the letter, merely remarked, "I know Pobiedonostsoff thinks me stupid; he always told me so when he was my teacher." The czar never again alluded to the subject, and the ex-teacher retained his master's confidence to the last.

This story recalls the fact that Alexander III. enjoyed the considerable advantage of receiving his early education not in the character of heir-apparent, but whilst his elder brother, the Czarevitch Nicholas, was still alive. Had he himself been the presumptive heir to the throne, his tutor might have been more reserved in his remarks, and the general character of the pupil might have suffered from a variety of temptations which he was fortunately spared. Under the actual circumstances of his youth, personal vanity was probably not unduly encouraged, and a natural inclination to a humble estimate of his own capacity was unchecked.

Humility was, however, by no means the only virtue which redeemed the failings in the character of the late czar. Alexander III. was above all things a constant friend and a reliable master. He had noted, and been disgusted by, the eternal intrigues in his father's time, and he consistently de-

clined to listen to the voice of secret slander. This trait sometimes resulted in prolonged deception regarding the character of notoriously untrustworthy officials; but it also certainly tended, on the whole, to give much required stability to the administrative machine of which he was the head. The praiseworthy determination not to allow himself to be lightly influenced in his appreciations of men and things, sometimes gave indeed to the czar's conduct an appearance of stupid obstinacy. But we do not think that foolish obstinacy was really one of his faults, for, as we shall have occasion to show, he proved, at least on one occasion, that under the influence of a trusted adviser he could with extraordinary rapidity completely change his mind on the gravest subject.

In endeavoring to describe the character of Alexander III., we must call attention to one specially noble feature, namely, his strict sense of duty. This sense of duty was superior to all other impulses influencing his mind. A lethargic, if not a lazy man, he hated detail and office work, yet, from the day of his accession, the czar was constantly a slave at his desk; and he most earnestly endeavored to understand the details of all the numerous complex subjects which came before him. Though wanting in quickness, his patient attention enabled him to learn much from any competent instructor; and, as an instance, it may be mentioned that, having once understood the paramount importance of proper finance, and having the advantage of so able a teacher as M. Vishnegradsky, he really arrived at a good understanding, not only of general principles, but also of the special needs of Russia, in this important department. And it was not finance alone to which Alexander devoted his attention with useful results. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the general progress of his empire during his reign, it must be acknowledged that the improvements effected in both the army and the navy were most remarkable. With the loyal support of his master,

uniformly continued during a period of some twelve years, General Vannovsky, an honest, hardworking mediocrity, succeeded in completely revolutionizing the entire system of the army. Nepotism, if not abolished, was held in check; a proper value was attached to technical education; the commissariat and supply services became fairly honest; and an organization was introduced which did not exist on paper only. In the navy, the large sums expended were probably as well applied as in any other country; and the Russian fleet, which in 1881 was insignificant, is in 1895 the third most important naval force in Europe.

We have already alluded to the family affection displayed by the late czar, but cursory mention would not do justice to this strong and excellent trait in his character. Surrounded by his family, he was seen to the greatest advantage; and, as is well known, he nowhere so thoroughly enjoyed himself as at Copenhagen, where, free from the unavoidable and detested restraints and ceremonies of his own court, he was able to follow his natural simple tastes. He joined heartily in the amusements of his wife's younger relations, who were all sincerely devoted to him; and whether playing with the children in the schoolroom, boating with the young men, or taking country walks with the Princess of Wales's daughters, the czar was the constant companion and centre of attraction to his juvenile friends. He was essentially a family man, and his household was ordered on the simplest scale which his position permitted, thus presenting a great contrast to that of his father. During the dreary years when, as czarevitch, he found the character and conduct of his father's court so utterly uncongenial to his tastes and principles, he remained in strict seclusion in his own palace, devoting himself to his wife and children, and seldom passing its gates, unless in fulfilment of some unavoidable duty. In those days it was a touching and remarkable sight to see this enormous man riding slowly round and round the

confined enclosure of his garden, following the little pony-chaise in which his wife would drive her children. The death of such a man was an irreparable loss to his family, and no expression of grief on their part can have been in the least exaggerated.

We have said enough to give a general idea of the character of the late emperor; we will now endeavor to trace the influence of his temperament and sentiments on his conduct of public affairs.

We have stated that he was a kind-hearted man, and we have also noted the stern and unforgiving spirit which could be easily aroused by certain classes of offences. Within a few hours of his father's death he gave public evidence of both these characteristics. Opposed as he had always been to his father's alliance with hismorganatic wife, the sight of the unfortunate widow's terrible grief at the deathbed of Alexander II. at once called into play the kindly sentiments of his successor, and in the most sympathetic manner he endeavored to console the heartbroken woman, and promised her his protection. For years this lady had been the source of the greatest annoyance and grief to him; but Alexander III. was a man of his word, and in spite of much provocation, which he subsequently endured from her extraordinary want of tact, he never failed in the promises made by the side of his father's corpse. On the other hand, he had been particularly incensed by his cousin (the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch), who was said to have been guilty of the crime of stealing the jewels from his mother's holy pictures; and when this young man, hoping for forgiveness, telegraphed his deep feeling of sorrow at the catastrophe which had befallen the imperial family, and humbly asked to be allowed to come and join the mourners, the new czar replied by a telegram *en clair*, forbidding his cousin ever again to address him, and ordering him to remain in perpetual banishment.

The moment when Alexander III.

ascended the throne was, as regards the internal condition of Russia, one of special anxiety and perplexity. The war with Turkey had exhausted the country, without any appreciable result calculated to satisfy and tranquillize the public mind. The peace sanctioned by the Berlin Conference was a bitter disappointment to the chauvinistic aspirations of the restless Panslavonic party; and from special causes the cessation of hostilities was followed by a violent outburst of that militant nihilism which culminated in the death of Alexander II.

The Panslavist societies had been very active during the latter years of the reign of Alexander II., particularly during the Servian war, and the period immediately preceding the outbreak of the war with Turkey; and their agitation had been a source of considerable anxiety to the czar, who took their vaporings too seriously. As czarevitch, Alexander III. formed very intimate relations with many of the leading Panslavists, and was considered as a warm sympathizer with their views. It would seem, however, that the close insight which he obtained into their affairs enlightened him as to the shallowness of the movement and its leaders. He probably remained favorable to the Panslavonic idea as a theory; but he knew that the movement had no root among the enormous mass of the people, and on coming to the throne he let it be understood that he would brook no agitation in Russia independent of his immediate sanction and control. Once the notoriety-seeking Panslavist intriguers realized the new situation, they assumed a very quiescent attitude, and the movement languished. It was easy to deal with the Panslavist movement when properly faced, but nihilist activity was more difficult to meet.

Before the Turkish war, hatred of the hereditary Mohammedan enemy, and wild stories of the sufferings of their Bulgarian co-religionists, made the Russian peasantry enthusiastic in the cause of their deliverance; but when, in the course of the war, the

peasant soldiers had the opportunity of comparing the substantial homesteads of the Bulgarians with the wretched squalor of their own hovels, they realized with indignation that they had been duped by the stories spread abroad by the Panslavists. The congregation of large bodies of men in the Russian camps gave special opportunities for comparing notes, and for the growth of a sort of public opinion, the formation of which many circumstances render impossible in Russia itself. In the army, and especially in the hospitals, active intelligent nihilists took every opportunity of fomenting the discontent of the soldiery; and the results were remarkable, and must still be reckoned with. It is certain that, for at least one generation, the Russian peasant army cannot again be led to war, beyond the frontiers of Russia, without discontent and distrust of the motives of the government in calling them from their homes.

It was the widespread discontent resulting from the circumstances of the Turkish war, and the exceptional opportunities then offered for nihilistic teaching, which gave such extraordinary force to the nihilist movement when the Russian army returned home. Alexander II., under the influence of Loris Melikoff, was seeking to remove the evil of nihilism by remedial measures, when he met his untimely end. Alexander III. determined to crush it with a strong hand.

The first duty which presented itself to the new monarch on his accession, was to secure and punish the murderers of his father. This was promptly done, and in his dealings with the nihilists, Alexander III. gave many indications of the peculiarities of his character. A special tribunal, in which the official element was conspicuous by its absence, was created for the trial of those accused of czaricide. Every effort was made to convince the world that the prisoners had a fair trial, — the foreign diplomatic representatives, and even several foreign journalists, being included among the privileged persons admitted to watch the proceedings in

court. Justice without mercy was, however, the measure meted out to all who appeared to be in any way connected with the crime against the sacred person of a czar. No distinction was made between the educated student who threw one of the fatal bombs and the ignorant peasant who, though acknowledging his intimate relations with the other prisoners, maintained his innocence as regarded the special accusation, and whom no evidence connected with the final fatal deed. Alexander's sense of justice was fully satisfied, though the probably innocent peasant died on the same scaffold as the criminals who avowed and gloried in their crime. Throughout the lifelong deadly struggle with nihilism, no sentiment of clemency ever arrested the arm of the executioner; no consideration of age, or sex, or of the misguided follies of youth, ever stayed the knout of the jailer; no flicker of hope ever lightened the agony of the living death of the convict, permanently chained to the barrow in the tomb of the Siberian mines.

Crushing severity and the multitudinous arrests, rendered easy by the clues unavoidably given in connection with the principal crime, had certainly a powerful effect in breaking up the nihilist organization, and in procuring temporary tranquillity. But nihilism was scotched, not killed. Not only was the removal of the principal conspirators, at a given time, an insufficient measure, when unaccompanied by any attempt to reach the root from which disaffection sprang, but the case was rendered still more hopeless by complete misconception as to the real origin of the movement. Encouraged in error by his own curious bigotry, and by the suggestions of Count Ignatieff, one of his early advisers, Alexander cherished the idea that all nihilistic plots were due to the evil tendencies of the Jews and Poles, or other unorthodox Russian subjects. The numerous orthodox Russians, whose guilt was clearly proved, were assumed by him to be the disciples of the very insignifi-

cant number of Jews and Poles who were incriminated with them. For a time this was a comforting delusion, and every sentiment of religious bigotry was gratified by the assumed political necessity of severe measures against the unorthodox. Of the character of these measures we shall hereafter have to speak more specially; here it will suffice to note them, and to recall that, in spite of their rigor, it was but few years after the fictitious calm established by the first dragonnades that the activity of fresh groups of nihilists gave new cause for alarm, and that nihilistic conspiracies steadily multiplied, until the circumstances and character of the plot discovered last spring on the Smolensk railway once more distracted and stunned the central authority.

The surgeons who made the post-mortem examination of the remains of Alexander III. informed the world as to the immediate physical causes of his death. It was not within their province to speak of the moral causes, of which, indeed, they were probably ignorant. To those, however, who had the opportunity of observing the czar during the last year of his life, it was evident that he was suffering acutely from some heavy moral affliction. There can be no hesitation in attributing this moral suffering to the very painful disillusionment which ensued as the result of the discovery of the Smolensk plot, and of the circumstances connected with that nearly successful conspiracy.

Among the numerous measures decreed against the unorthodox, one which entailed special hardship on a large number of respectable families was the decision not to permit the employment of any but orthodox Russians in positions of responsibility on the railways. By their superior education, a considerable percentage of Poles and Baltic Province Germans had, particularly in the western provinces, secured a large proportion of such posts, as those of station-masters, guards, inspectors, engine-drivers, etc.; and for some years past, as the govern-

ment control of the railways had become closer, these semi-aliens had been dismissed to make room for orthodox Russians. One of the last railways where this change had been effected was precisely that Smolensk railway where the plot was discovered to blow up the czar's train. The discovery of the mine was a mere accident; but the inquiries which followed laid bare a deep-laid, carefully elaborated plot, in which the numerous conspirators were, without exception, orthodox Russian officials—the very men who owed their posts to the removal of the mistrusted Poles and Germans. The evidence of this fact was too clear to admit of doubt, and in one moment all the czar's fondest illusions were rudely dispelled, and the utter futility of the entire policy of his reign became manifest.

It was a death-blow to the moral nature of the man. In the first anger and excitement a manifesto was issued, in which the czar declared his intention to adopt a still more rigorous policy of repression, and to still further concentrate all authority in his own hands; and he quoted his grandfather Nicholas as the model he intended to closely follow in the future. Reflection must have speedily brought home the conviction that such a policy had already been proved worse than useless; but Alexander lacked the moral elasticity to accept a crushing reverse, and to seek new hope in other directions. All his most cherished ideas and convictions were confuted and irrevocably shattered by the irresistible logic of facts; and he felt himself left, a stranded, storm-beaten wreck, helpless and condemned. No moral recovery was possible. Nicholas I. died of moral mortification; Alexander III. shared the fate of his grandfather and model.

In the foregoing pages we have noted the inflexibility of character of Alexander III., as specially evidenced in connection with the assumed peculiar virtues of the orthodox Russian people and their appointed ruler. We had, however, previously stated that

on other subjects, even of the gravest nature, the czar's mind was open to conviction, under the influence of the one or two advisers whom he really trusted.

A remarkable instance of this quality was given during the first few months of his reign. As czarevitch, Alexander had shown considerable leanings towards the liberal party, whose organ in the Russian press, the *Golos*, conducted with much independence and ability, was the leading journal in St. Petersburg, and whose ideas were predominant in Russian society at the time of the death of Alexander II. The curious revolution which had placed Loris Melikoff at the head of internal affairs, practically as the czar's delegate, and with the most extended powers, had been greeted as the dawn of a new political era; and the word "Constitution" was audibly whispered in the drawing-rooms of the Russian capital. It is certain that at the date of the murder of Alexander II. a plan of constitution was being seriously considered; and, had that tragedy been postponed, there is little doubt that some form of constitution would have been granted—though from all we have learned on the subject, we consider it very improbable that it would have been founded on the broadly liberal basis anticipated by the leading, irresponsible, would-be reformers.

In spite of the disheartening circumstances under which Alexander III. came to the throne, it was generally expected that his liberal tendencies would assure and hasten the promulgation of the anticipated constitution. The fact that Loris Melikoff and his liberal associates in the ministry retained their places, notwithstanding the catastrophe which had just marked their administration, was naturally interpreted as a guarantee of the continuance of a policy of liberal reform. It is now matter of history that, with the czar's fullest approval, a project of constitution was considered and elaborated by a special committee, under the presidency of the Grand

Duke Vladimir; and that, within two months of the death of the late emperor, it was completed, and only required the czar's definite confirmation for its promulgation. That confirmation was, however, never given. At the very moment when it was hourly expected, the czar held the annual May review of the St. Petersburg garrison. In accordance with custom, at the end of the review he called around him the principal officers, among whom were General Loris Melikoff and General Miliutin, the liberal minister of war, and he startled the assembly by a speech in which he propounded the most conservative views, leaving no doubt in the minds of his hearers that he had finally resolved on a retrograde policy of strict repression.

This was indeed a bolt from the blue. It was immediately followed by Loris Melikoff's resignation, tendered simultaneously with that of his colleagues, General Miliutin, M. Abasa, minister of finance, and M. Nabokoff, minister of justice, who expressed their regret that the czar had evidently lost confidence in their liberal policy. It is related that Alexander was furious at the combined action of his ministers, which he correctly interpreted as the first attempt in Russian history to establish the solidarity of a ministry, and thus to impose a check on the autocratic power of the sovereign. It is certain that the audacious ministers were severely rated, and reminded that it was not within their competence to resign — that they were merely the czar's servants during his good pleasure, bound to remain at their posts, and to fulfil his behests, until he should think fit to dismiss them. Resistance to the imperial will, thus sternly expressed, was impossible, and the ministers were forced to withdraw their resignations and to continue their duties. Very shortly, however, they were one by one dismissed, and replaced by more subservient instruments. The dream of liberal reforms vanished with their disappearance from the scene.

The explanation of this startling event was simple. The ideal of the liberal leaders was a Russian people guiding themselves in the path of progress and reform; the czar, though feeling the necessity of reforms, was inclined to contemplate their introduction under the direct guidance and control of the autocrat. Both czar and reformers were agreed in their strong chauvinistic faith in Russia and the Russian people; but here their full agreement ended. At the critical moment, the arguments of M. Pobiedonostsoff confirmed the czar in his autocratic instincts; and under the same influence these instincts were carefully fostered, till the special virtue of the autocracy became an article of bigoted faith.

Loris Melikoff was succeeded by Count Ignatieff, who, ever ready to trim his sails to the wind, affected the most complete agreement with the ideas of the czar and M. Pobiedonostsoff. This dangerous and unscrupulous minister assisted M. Pobiedonostsoff in implanting in the czar's mind that distrust of all his unorthodox subjects which soon began to have the saddest results, and which, commencing with the persecution of the Jews, developed into a regular system of persecution of Polish Roman Catholics, German and Finnish Protestants, Armenian Gregorians, and finally, in a milder degree, of all classes of dissidents from the strict tenets of the official orthodox faith.

After the bright hopes entertained during the first few months of the year 1881, it was a sad disappointment to all well-wishers of Russia to note the character of the men whom the czar gathered round him after the incident of the May review. The most conspicuous of these was Count Ignatieff, Loris Melikoff's successor as minister of the interior. The character of Ignatieff is well known throughout Europe, and his talents as a *raconteur* have never been exaggerated. His claim on the czar's sympathy and attention was his activity as an exponent of Pan-slavism, which he made a platform for

expatiating on the virtues of all orthodox Slavs, and of the Russian Slav above all others, and where he sought notoriety in furtherance of his personal aims and ambitions.

But more remarkable than the appointment of Ignatieff to a high position of responsibility, was the nomination of General Baranoff as prefect of St. Petersburg. The appointment of such a man as Baranoff deserves special notice, as affording remarkable evidence of the curious chauvinistic faith of Alexander III. During the Turkish war, Baranoff, who was a naval officer, obtained command of the *Vesta*, a ship of the Black Sea mercantile fleet, which was fitted out as a cruiser to watch the movements of the Turks. On returning from one of his cruises, Baranoff reported having been in action with a powerful Turkish ship, which he declared that he had driven off in a battered condition. His report was most circumstantial, and the Russians were so elated at any success on the sea, of which at that time the Turks were the masters, that Baranoff and his officers received many rewards and immediate promotion. Some time after, one of the said officers, being dissatisfied with his share of the rewards, stated publicly that the whole story of the action was a myth, and that on sight of the Turkish man-of-war Baranoff promptly showed his heels.

The public in Odessa, where Baranoff's character was well known, gave ready credence to this officer's statements, and the scandal became so great that Baranoff and his officers were tried by court-martial for making false reports. The court-martial sentenced Baranoff to be cashiered, and the Grand Duke Constantine, the head of the navy, confirmed the sentence. Disgrace could not have been more public, or apparently more complete. Such was the position of the man whom Alexander III. hastened, on his accession, first to reinstate in the public service as colonel of artillery, then to name governor of Wilna, and then to bring to St. Petersburg as prefect,

charged with the safety of the capital, and of the imperial family, at the critical moment when the startling activity of the nihilists was the principal preoccupation of the government. There is only *one* explanation of this extraordinary incident: the blind chauvinism of the czar did not permit him either to accept public opinion as to the merits of Baranoff, or to give credence to the formal evidence on which he was condemned by the court-martial.

But with all the czar's predilections in favor of Baranoff and Ignatieff, the triumph of such men, when placed in responsible positions, was necessarily short. Baranoff's head was so completely turned by his unexpected elevation, that he immediately began to make himself ridiculous, and Alexander was soon sickened by his swaggering pretensions. Ignatieff was more clever, but the gravest interests could not enable him to control his imagination. He forgot that the memory of a czar was not a subject to be trifled with before his imperial master; and when he gave vent to his humorous imagination in a detailed description of the rapid progress of the building of the memorial church to Alexander II., whilst his master happened to be aware that extraordinary difficulties had delayed even the laying of the foundations, he soon found that he had committed an unpardonable mistake, and he was called upon to resign in favor of Count Tolstoi.

Count Tolstoi, one of the most important figures in the reign of Alexander III., was a real statesman, and a man of integrity and firmness of purpose. He was, however, a conservative of the old school, who sought the welfare of his country in a retrograde system of centralization and repression. He remained minister of the interior till his death in 1889. Tolstoi's opinions were in full accord with those of Pobiedonostsoff; his successor, M. Dournovo, a man of inferior capacity, made no attempt to develop a policy of his own, and consequently the spirit of Tolstoi and Pobiedonostsoff continued

to direct the conduct of internal affairs till the close of Alexander's reign. Tolstoi will be long remembered for the great changes he introduced in the matter of local government. His chief aim was to minimize the importance of the local institutions established under the more liberal *régime* of the previous reign, without unduly exciting public opinion by openly abolishing them; and he displayed wonderful astuteness in the methods by which he accomplished his ends.

The institution of justices of the peace, intended to stand between the peasants and the formerly all-powerful landed proprietors, was one of the most important measures of the reforming period at the commencement of the reign of Alexander II.; and the powers given to the Semstvos, in which the peasant representatives met the proprietors on nominally equal terms, was a great step in the direction of liberal local self-government. Both justices of the peace and Semstvos were condemned by Tolstoi, though neither were formally abolished. The powers of the Semstvos were reduced in all directions by strict definition and limitation of their competence; the powers of the justices of the peace were seriously curtailed by extending, at their expense, the competence of the ancient informal village tribunals, and by the creation of the new office of *semski natchalnik*. The *semski natchalnik*, appointed by, and directly responsible to, the minister of the interior, are subject only to the moral control of the provincial marshals of nobility, which, though real enough where the marshal happens to be a strong, active man influential with the central authority, is nugatory in many districts where such is not the case. The extension of the competence of the village tribunals was in reality a curtailment of their powers. When less extended, these had, within their assigned limits, been exercised without any special control, whereas under the new system their decisions required the sanction of the *semski natchalniki*; and to any one who knows the interior

of Russia and the character of the Russian peasantry, it is immediately apparent that the village tribunals at once became the mere instruments of the new officials. Corporal punishment (except in prisons) has long been formally abolished by law, and cannot be inflicted by the sentence of any regular tribunal. The village tribunals have, however, always continued to exercise the right of flogging; and under the new system this form of punishment has been encouraged, rather than the imposition of fines or imprisonment. Under the direction of the *semski natchalniki* the Russian peasant is renewing his acquaintance with the lash of the knout, which now plays as important a part in local justice (or injustice) as in the halcyon days before the emancipation of the serfs.

Centralization and repression were not the only objects sought in the policy which the czar adopted under the influence of Pobiedonostsoff and Tolstoi. These statesmen realized, what foreign writers on Russia, such as Sir Charles Dilke, have hitherto failed to note, that the great weakness of Russia, and of the autocratic system, lies in the want of homogeneity of the population, and in the superior education and intelligence of the numerous non-Russian races inhabiting the empire. They were therefore determined to bring all classes of the population to the same level, and to force orthodoxy on the unorthodox. They were quite right in believing that the surest way of forcing the nationalist spirit into the breast of the unorthodox non-Russian was to compel him to adopt orthodoxy for himself and his children; and as they could not level up the civilization and culture of the orthodox Russian, they determined to level down the unorthodox alien. They were unscrupulous in the methods they employed to reach what they honestly believed to be a praiseworthy end; and by skilfully playing on the religious bigotry and blind chauvinism of the czar, they carried him with them in all the iniquities and cruelties of their proceedings.

It is impossible in the present article

to give a complete picture of the internal condition of Russia under the system of forced proselytism and levelling down; but we will endeavor to sketch the more salient features of the proceedings adopted, in the fierce pursuit of the one great political aim.

The Jewish persecution, begun under Ignatieff in a clumsy and brutal form, as shocking to European sensibilities as Bulgarian or Armenian atrocities, was systematically continued in a much more scientific and cruel manner. Common corporal violence was no longer the order of the day; but by the revival and stringent enforcement of obsolete laws, the Jew was deprived of all honest means of livelihood, and then held up to opprobrium, and still further ill-treated, as a useless and obnoxious citizen.

The industries of Poland, guided by superior intelligence, were a thorn in the side of the Moscow manufacturers; consequently it was found advisable to handicap them, first by a peremptory order that all foreign employees should be suddenly dismissed, and then by establishing differential railway freights for the carriage of Polish manufactures to the markets of central Russia. It proved impossible by ordinary means to turn Polish and Lithuanian Roman Catholics from the religion of their forefathers, so, among other measures, it was determined to deprive them of their places of worship. Their religious zeal had always maintained their churches in excellent repair. The State now undertook the maintenance of all religious buildings, and sequestered the funds collected for that purpose. The next step was to carefully neglect the most necessary repairs, and as by degrees the buildings showed signs of becoming unsafe, to condemn and close them. An incident in the fulfilment of this cynical programme led to the massacre in the government of Kovno some twelve months ago. A village church, which the villagers had not been allowed to repair, was declared unsafe, and ordered to be closed. The poor villagers attempted a sort of passive resistance. They took it in

turns to be continually present in the church in considerable numbers. Finally a military force was ordered to clear the building; and on the peasants demurring to leave, they were promptly fired upon and driven out at the point of the bayonet. It is true that this brutal massacre of helpless men and women created some stir when the story was bruited abroad; but though special inquiry was directed, the only result was the recent condemnation to various terms of imprisonment of those recalcitrants who had escaped massacre; and the governor of Wilna, who had authorized the proceedings, still retains his post.

In the Baltic provinces every effort was made to sow discord between the peasants and the German barons, their landlords; and the common Protestant religion and the language of both were attacked. In all schools the use of the Russian language was made obligatory, and as the great majority of the teachers were unable to teach in Russian, they were dismissed to starve, and to make room for their ignorant Russian successors. At one moment there were no less than forty-eight Protestant clergymen of the Baltic Provinces awaiting sentence for deeds which had become legal crimes under the new system. In most cases their crime consisted in having performed some rite of their Church for old parishioners, where the head of the family had, under extreme pressure or by some ill-understood formality, accepted the orthodox faith. Here, at least, the measures were too violent to attain their ends, and the peasants, who had welcomed the encouragement of Russian officials in making themselves disagreeable to their landlords, have since been enraged at the interference with their faith and their language.

The autonomy of the Finns, and their successful self-government and admirable finance, naturally aroused the jealousy and mistrust of the Russians, and it was determined to destroy their independence and prosperity. To ruin their finances, they were forced to build a useless system of railways

along the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, where they have excellent communication by steamers in summer and by sledge-roads in winter, and where the traffic is at no season important. Then, as it was observed that they flourished under a system of free trade, their customs administration was taken out of their hands, and arrangements made for rapidly assimilating it with the protective system of Russia. Employees on the railways, and in all post and telegraph offices, were required to know Russian, and the majority, who were ignorant of that language, were dismissed. It is impossible to describe in detail all the wrongs which the Finns have suffered during the last five years; but the result is apparent to the most unobservant traveller in Finland. The Finns, who a few short years ago were a prosperous people, and heartily loyal to their grand duke, in the full confidence that he would respect their constitution, are now, as a nation, sadly impoverished, and they would certainly have revolted if they could have seen the slightest chance of success.

The Armenians in the Caucasus have fared little better than their fellow-subjects in the north. We will not weary our readers with details, but as evidence of their condition we will quote from the Russian newspapers a single recent incident. In the month of May, 1892, forty-three Armenians were tried before the district court at Kars, accused of forming an association for resistance to the authorities, murder, etc. Koukouniantz, the head of the association, was condemned to hard labor for twenty years, and twenty-five others were sentenced to the same punishment for periods varying from fifteen to eight years. This incident speaks for itself; we think we need say no more about the condition of the Armenians.

As the Russian government refuses its exequatur to consuls in the interior of the Caucasus, and as no missionaries are allowed to cross the Russian frontier, the sufferings of the Russian Armenians are never made public, as are those of their brethren in Turkey.

In Turkey the first sign of trouble is eagerly reported, and fills columns of the foreign press. The Russian government understands how to keep out inquisitive intruders; the Turkish government is not strong enough to pursue the same daring policy.

Our brief sketch of the condition of those classes of the czar's subjects whom the policy of his reign marked out for attack, would be incomplete without some reference to the sufferings of those whom persistence in their principles led to unhappy acquaintance with the interior of Russian jails and with Siberian exile. The condition of Russian jails has often been discussed, but we believe that only one opinion has been expressed by competent observers—that is, by those who, knowing the Russian language, have been content to gain their information by familiar intercourse with the Russian people, and without the misleading guidance of officials, who received their secret instructions simultaneously with the warm letters of recommendation so readily granted to such inquirers as Dr. Lansdell and Mr. de Windt. We have made our personal observations without such deceptive guidance, but for the moment we prefer to notice only such incidents as have obtained publicity even through the severely censored columns of the Russian daily press.

The story of the lady, a political prisoner, who was beaten to death some three years ago at Nertchinsk in Siberia, is particularly instructive from our point of view. The sufferings of the convicts under the brutality of their guardians had been such, that a number of them determined to seek the release of death by refusing all food. The prison authorities met this terrible resolution by ordering the artificial administration of nourishment. The lady in question, in weak and nervous condition, resented the indignity of the treatment to which she was subjected in pursuance of this order, and in her passion she struck the presiding official with her hand. The punishment ordained by law for assault on the author-

ities is flogging. The head of the convict establishment hesitated, however, in this instance to comply with the law, being apprehensive that in the prisoner's condition of health the punishment might have fatal consequences. He referred for special instructions to Baron Korff, governor-general of eastern Siberia, and received the telegraphic reply, "You know the law; comply with it." The unfortunate lady died under the lash of her tormentors; and though in consequence of the public scandal, the whole affair was brought to the czar's notice, Korff retained his post, and presumably his master's confidence, till his death. Alexander III. had no mercy for political offenders, and he doubtless saw nothing but simple justice in the fate of this victim of his system.

The foregoing was, we trust, a rare instance of such extreme suffering under the direct sanction of the most responsible authorities; but the sufferings continually inflicted without such sanction, and simply by the brutality of the ordinary jailer, are quite as terrible, and of only too frequent occurrence. We may take again the Russian press as our authority, and quote from it the account of an incident of very recent date. In the central prison of Rostoff on Don, four female prisoners were accused by a fellow-prisoner of having stolen some money from her. They were taken into a separate room to be searched by the three prison inspectors who ordered them to strip naked. On their objecting to take off their chemises before these men, they were all four severely beaten, and subjected, under the pretence of searching, to such nameless brutality as cannot be described in detail. Nothing having been found, they were once more beaten with cruel severity, and then confined in the black-hole of the jail. During the night the unfortunate women were four separate times put through the same special torture of searching, followed by beating, and the following morning they received a final terrible beating, and were then sent direct to their work. One of the num-

ber died in hospital within a few days. The prison doctor returned her death as from natural causes. Through the indignation of the other prisoners, the story, however, got abroad, and an inquiry was instituted. After some months the body of the murdered woman was exhumed, and the causes of her death were even then only too fully apparent. The doctor and the inspectors were tried last December before the local court, and the account of the trial appeared in the newspapers. The senior inspector and the doctor were condemned to sixteen months' imprisonment, and the junior inspector to ten months and twenty days; but in virtue of the amnesty at the beginning of the new reign, these sentences became non-effective. When such barbarity can escape severe punishment, it is the system which is responsible, and must be condemned, even more than the particular brutalities of the cruel and ignorant savages whom it fails to control.

There are many other points of interest in the system of government under Alexander III. which space will not allow us to dwell on, but some of which we must at least mention. Among these the policy of putting obstacles in the way of higher education may certainly be defended, on the ground that the universities were the hotbeds of nihilism, and that the cheap education given to those whose mental culture did not rise above the standard of the parrot, had too frequently the result of rendering the recipients not only useless but dangerous citizens. But it was not only the higher instruction of the universities which was impeded; the spread of education of the most rudimentary kind was equally deliberately arrested, and this for the sole purpose of maintaining that blind reverence for the autocracy which could only be preserved among a grossly ignorant peasantry.

A more reasonable support for the autocracy was sought in the endeavor to arrest the decay of the class of large landed proprietors. On the emancipation of the serfs, the accompanying

financial arrangements for transferring to the peasants a portion of the land of the proprietors gave the latter the means of converting these lands into cash, whilst at the same time their changed relations with their former serfs made life on their estates distasteful. As a natural result of these circumstances, and of improved communications, the proprietors gave up residing on their estates, except perhaps for a few short weeks in summer; and the majority promptly spent their realized capital, and have since been consummating their ruin by extravagant living in St. Petersburg and the fashionable resorts of western Europe. This process of ruin was directly assisted by the mistaken measures taken in the late reign to benefit the landed interest. The demand of the prodigal proprietors was naturally for some further means of procuring cash to help them in their immediate pecuniary embarrassments; and, to their permanent detriment, this cash was found for them by various land banks, and more especially by the Bank of the Nobility, an institution expressly founded for the purpose of making advances under conditions which could not be admitted in sound business transactions. The money thus lightly obtained was equally lightly parted with, and the day of reckoning has now been hastened by the serious fall in the price of cereals, the only source of income to meet the charges on estates mortgaged to within dangerously near limits of their total value. It must be added that this is not the view taken of the situation by the proprietors themselves, who, like most insolvent debtors, insist that their embarrassments are merely temporary, and clamor louder than ever for fresh assistance from the resources of the State. Such assistance may be again forthcoming within certain limits; but nothing can now save the vast majority of the proprietors, who as a class are as surely doomed as were the French aristocracy proscribed by the First Republic. The autocracy has secured no permanent advantage; the proprietors are permanently ruined. The policy of

Alexander III. was as unsuccessful in preserving the aristocracy as in crushing the nihilists; but it was his own, and throughout it bore the impress of the character of the man, and of the bigoted prejudices which ever prevented the realization of his most laudable intentions.

We may now pass to the consideration of the foreign policy of Russia during the reign of the late czar, and we will endeavor to note in this direction also the influence of his character and temperament.

"The manifesto issued by Alexander III. on his accession affords the most convincing evidence of his Majesty's satisfactory and peaceful intentions, and I am glad to inform the House that one of the first acts of the czar has been to recall General Skobelev." We regret not being able to quote the exact words, but such was the substance of the announcement made by Sir Charles Dilke (then under-secretary of state for foreign affairs) to a House of Commons at the time anxiously discussing the import of Russia's first serious advance in Trans-Caspia, and the probability of its leading to the still more serious step of the occupation of Merv. Sir Charles Dilke was able by his assurances to relieve the anxiety of Parliament, and to stifle the warning voice of foolish "Mervous" patriots. This was but fourteen years ago, and to-day Russian soldiers are tranquilly patrolling the whole frontier of Afghan Turkestan, with communications securely established by rail across the desert, and by steamer on the Amoor Daria; and Russian Cossacks are raiding into the Pamirs, whilst Indian finance has been crippled by the expenditure of millions for the defence of the threatened frontier, and our home military resources are taxed to the utmost to provide the necessary increase of the English garrison. These results of the Asiatic policy of Alexander III. are the answer to the assurances of the well-informed ex-under-secretary of state, who still poses as a guide to his countrymen in foreign affairs.

The first step in the policy which entailed such serious consequences to England, was precisely that recall of Skobelev from which Sir C. Dilke predicted such contrary results. As every one paying attention to Russian affairs well knew, the Emperor Alexander II. had been much disturbed by the excitement caused in England by the definite establishment of Russian dominion on the north-eastern frontier of Khorassan. Further, his advisers were not without anxiety as to the possible results, at such a critical moment in the internal affairs of Russia, of permitting the return of the restless and ambitious Skobelev, the idol of the army. Such considerations had for months kept Skobelev chafing in idleness in the Turkoman desert, when the accession of Alexander III. immediately secured the cordial acknowledgment of his important services, and the granting of his request to be allowed to return to Russia to celebrate his triumph. The natural result of such encouragement was the renewed activity of the Russian commander in central Asia, and the speedy occupation of Merv. For this, and for all subsequent proceedings in the same regions, Alexander III. was directly responsible. If he did not furnish the initiative, he at least gave the approval, without the assurance of which his officers in Asia would never have dared to move.

We are fully prepared to admit that the Russians have quite as much business in central Asia as we have. Once they had established themselves across the Caspian, their farther advance to the fertile countries south and east was certain to follow, unless we liked to forestall them. We did not choose to push forward our dominion to central Asia to meet them, and therefore we should not complain of their advance, unless it be proved to be of a character distinctly and wilfully threatening to our Indian possessions. We fear that this aggressive character has been, however, only too clearly discernible in the proceedings of Russian officers in central Asia. Once a fron-

tier line between Afghanistan and the Russian conquests was agreed upon, nothing could excuse the incursions of Russian officers across that line; yet such incursions have been of frequent occurrence, without the Russian government having ever offered a serious apology or punished a single offender. Among recent raiders into Afghan territory was Captain Vannovsky, the son of the minister of war. When complaint was made in St. Petersburg about this officer, the Russian government thought fit to profess absolute ignorance of his proceedings, and to feign doubt as to the correctness of the reports received by the Indian government. When, finally, the gravity of the irregularities committed had to be acknowledged, the Russians affected to treat the matter as the foolish indiscretion of a youthful officer, from which no permanent harm could result, and which should not be allowed to be a cause of misunderstanding between two nations. Captain Vannovsky remains, however, unpunished for his "youthful indiscretions," and it may be expected that his example will find numerous followers.

But though grave principles were involved in such comparatively trifling incidents on the frontier of Afghan Turkestan, the questions raised by the appearance of the Russians in the Pamirs are still more important. As we have readily admitted, the advance of the Russians in territories where they necessarily came in contact with successive tribes of the unsettled and restless population was natural and inevitable; but we would most seriously ask any believer in the peaceful intentions of Russia, What necessity led Russian Cossacks into the Pamirs? Here there was no question of unavoidable contact, and possibly unavoidable differences, with intractable populations. The Roof of the World is an almost inaccessible region, to penetrate into which involved great preparations. The sparse inhabitants of this inhospitable land certainly never left their mountain homes to trouble the Russians, of whose existence they were

probably unaware until the Cossacks appeared amongst them. We ask again, What object brought the Russians into the Pamirs? There can be only one answer to this question: The Russians penetrated the Pamirs solely with the aggressive object of finding a weak point in the defences of our Indian empire; and it was with the express sanction of the great Peacemaker that their aggressive expeditions were organized and despatched.

But it is not only the intrusions of the Russians in the Pamirs with which we have the right to find fault,—we have equal cause of complaint with the nature of their proceedings, since their advance in these regions forced the attention of our government. It was impossible for us to sit quietly by whilst the Russians overran territories over which our Afghan allies claimed, and at times exercised, sovereign rights, and through which our frontier in the direction of Cashmere was distinctly threatened. Our diplomatic representations as to the necessity of defining a frontier in this No-man's Land were politely listened to, and our request for the maintenance of the *status quo*, until a frontier should be defined by mutual agreement, was accepted. After its acceptance, we were, however, treated to an almost exact repetition of the policy pursued at the time of Sir Peter Lumsden's ill-fated mission. The actual work of delimitation was constantly postponed, and meanwhile, and notwithstanding the most solemn promises of the Russian government, the Cossacks repeated their raids, with the object of establishing themselves, and leaving us in face of *faits accomplis*. The last expedition of the famous Colonel Yonoff, who repeated the rôle of the once famous Alikhanoff, was, it is true, disavowed in St. Petersburg; but we have yet to learn that Colonel Yonoff suffered for his conduct, and we are more likely to learn at some future date that he has been handsomely rewarded.

We maintain that Alexander III. was responsible for all the doings of his lieutenants in central Asia, and for

their constant aggressive tendency as regards England. The Asiatic policy of the Peacemaker affords a striking example of that apparent inconsistency, which we hold can only be explained by accepting our estimate of the overwhelming influence of that chauvinistic fanaticism to which we must constantly refer. We do not think that the czar had any personal ambition to extend his dominions in Asia, and we are sure that he had no wish to provoke England; but he believed in the holy mission of Russia, and that mission he recognized even in her extension in Asia. If in the course of that extension provocation was given to England, so much the worse for England. If his plighted word was disregarded by his officers, he may have experienced a momentary feeling of regret, but it was only momentary. In his mind such incidents were ordained by Providence, and could not hinder his ready acquiescence in the fulfilment of Russia's sacred mission. The fanatical Mohammedan, even though a just and kind-hearted man, will always condone the worst action of a co-religionist, if a question arise where the interests of a Mohammedan and a Christian happen to be antagonistic. Similarly, where the interests of another nationality were concerned, Alexander could not admit that the Russian who successfully opposed them was deserving of censure. His agents, however, were not as blind as himself, and they deliberately profited by the strange bent of his mind. The motives which guided their master's conduct were immaterial to his commanders in central Asia. It was sufficient for them that successful aggression was never the cause of disgrace; resolute and generally aggressive action best forwarded their personal interests, and they were supported by statesmen in St. Petersburg who persistently sought to secure Russia's traditional inheritance in India and Turkey.

To turn to another quarter of the globe; how otherwise than as the natural outcome of the mediæval fanati-

cism of Alexander III., are we to account for his conduct towards Bulgaria, and especially towards Prince Alexander? Why was the Russian Legation at Bucharest allowed for many years to be the centre of conspiracies, in which contemplated assassinations were the most important features? How was it, again, that whilst Russia expressed indignation at the shelter given to nihilists in other countries, the famous Bulgarian conspirator, Rizoff, who openly gloried in the important part he had taken in introducing dynamite and bombs as weapons of political warfare in Bulgaria, found shelter and hospitality in Odessa, when no country in Europe except Russia would tolerate his presence? To all these, and to similar questions, there is only one possible answer: Alexander's fanatical prejudices entirely obscured his moral vision. From pure good-will, the Bulgarians had been offered the inestimable privilege of becoming the dependents of Holy Russia; they had rejected the way of salvation, and must therefore be smitten hip and thigh. The sentence of the autocrat had gone forth against the backsliders, and the means or instruments employed for their chastisement were matters of small concern.

When we come to consider the czar's attitude towards the powers of the Triple Alliance and towards France, we must take into account the personality of M. de Giers. Foreign ambassadors, and foreign journalists in St. Petersburg, have generally reported that Alexander III. was his own foreign minister; and they have represented M. de Giers as a servile clerk, whose only function was to faithfully register the decrees of his master. Such a picture of the situation was incomplete and misleading. M. de Giers is a timorous man, and one who would never risk unpleasantness by an appearance of insistence on his own views; but he is a most intelligent politician and diplomatist. He served a long and useful apprenticeship under the able guidance of the late Prince Gortchakoff, and he has never lost

sight of the careful, far-seeing policy of that statesman.

Gortchakoff and his predecessors had always cultivated the friendship of Prussia. They realized both the strength of their military neighbor and the comparative weakness of Russia in her north-western frontier provinces, where the population is separated from Russia by race and creed. When we reflect how great would have been the difficulties of Russia if the Poles had been supported by Prussia in their last insurrection, we can realize how correct was the view of the importance of Prussian friendship. And what was true of Prussia became doubly true of Germany, united under the leadership of Prussia.

Austria has long since ceased to cause Russia any anxiety. Her divided nationalities are a permanent source of weakness, from which Russia, through her influence with the Slavs, can readily profit. But though Austria cannot injure Russia by direct attack, she can on occasion interfere with Russian projects in the Balkan Peninsula. No Russian general would have dared to undertake such a campaign as that of the last Turkish war, with its long line of communications exposed to attack, if intimate relations had not facilitated the previous negotiations, by which Austria accepted Bosnia and Herzegovina as the price of her acquiescence in the Russian advance. Friendship with Austria had always been included in Gortchakoff's policy, and when Prussia obtained control of the resources of a resuscitated German empire, that friendship acquired fresh value, as providing a counterpoise to the overwhelmingly preponderating power of Prussia in central Europe.

France, Prince Gortchakoff never trusted, and never encouraged. As an enemy, Russia could have nothing to fear from an isolated France; and in the eyes of so cautious a statesman as Gortchakoff, her value as an ally was effectually discredited by the restlessness and incapacity for self-government continuously displayed since the close of the last century. Italy was treated

by the great Russian chancellor as a *quantité négligeable*; and Denmark was encouraged and flattered by a matrimonial alliance, intended to secure to Russia the control of the key of the Baltic.

But whatever other considerations may have affected the policy of Prince Gortchakoff, the one ever-present and supreme influence was the desire to secure for Russia a free hand in Asia and in Turkey, and to find the means of checking England, the only serious and persistent opponent of Russian aggressive ambition. When occasion offered, England might be bullied; but it was generally simpler and more profitable to cajole her. If a sudden advance excited the anxiety of the British public, it was easy to order a halt, to give conciliatory explanations, and to make reassuring promises, until the whole question was lost sight of in England, and time had been afforded for Russia to consolidate her position in a newly acquired possession, and to complete preparations for a still further advance. This was the intelligent and perfectly successful policy pursued by Gortchakoff in his dealings with England; and, as far as the idiosyncrasies of his master permitted, it was closely followed by his disciple, M. de Giers.

It is popularly supposed that Alexander III. had some personal preference for an alliance with France, rather than for the traditionary alliance with Prussia. This is a mistake. Alexander certainly shared the strong prejudice against Germans existing among all classes of Russians, and due to the successful economical competition of a neighboring people, distinguished for their persevering, pushing activity. Germans and Frenchmen were, however, in the mind of the late czar, equally outside the pale, within which he only included orthodox Russians, and such other Slav races as accepted the Russian autocrat as their natural head. No prejudice against Germany could have brought a man of his temperament to look with favor on a nation exhibiting the special characteristics of Frenchmen, and it is

certain that the French form of republicanism was particularly obnoxious to him. We must seek other causes, in addition to Alexander's anti-German prejudices, to account for the Franco-Russian *rapprochement*, which Frenchmen spoke of as the Franco-Russian Alliance. We think that these causes were to be found, first, in the policy of Prince Bismarck, antagonistic to Russia; and subsequently, and in lesser degree, in the dislike which the czar conceived for the young Emperor William, when the latter, fresh from his father's funeral, rushed to St. Petersburg, eager to force the impression of his personality on the mind of his powerful neighbor and relative. The young Kaiser certainly created a strong impression, but it was the reverse of that which he desired or anticipated.

It must be recognized by all who take the trouble to remember recent historical facts, that Alexander III. found the relations between Russia and Germany already somewhat strained when he ascended the throne. We do not believe that such a position of affairs was in any way calculated to disturb his mind; but it was much regretted by M. de Giers, and by all the more thoughtful and prudent of his advisers. It would have been useless to attempt to induce the czar to adopt a conciliatory policy towards Germany, and the only chance of affecting a change was to convince Germany that her policy was a mistaken one. The best means of forcing such a conviction was to trust to the disintegrating influence of time upon an inactive alliance, such as that of the three central European powers, to make things as disagreeable as possible for Germany; and meanwhile to offer a cheek to be kissed by France, with the well-calculated assurance that in the end she would disgust the stolid Alexander by the violence of her osculation.

This deeply considered policy was perfectly successful. Its success was not, however, due to skilful guidance of foreign affairs by the late czar, but to the quiet persistence and consummate tact of M. de Giers, fortuitously

aided by the raging jealousy of Prince Bismarck, who, to embarrass his successor, raised public opinion in Germany against that very anti-Russian policy which he himself had inaugurated, and which the Emperor William and Count Caprivi were cautiously striving to follow. We could say much on this subject, but we fear wearying our readers by dwelling too long on the details of what is both recent and past history; and it will probably be more profitable to consider at once the results of M. de Giers' policy, rather than to devote space to tracing the successive steps of its development.

The first sign of the success of M. de Giers' policy was the negotiation of the Russo-German commercial convention. The German government was driven to accept this convention by the pressure of the hostile Russian customs tariff, and by the serious discontent arising from the economic crisis, maliciously attributed by Prince Bismarck to Caprivi's mistaken foreign policy. On the other hand, Alexander III. had been so seriously disquieted by the wild hopes entertained in France as to the results to be obtained from the *entente* with Russia, that it is no secret, to those who had an opportunity of seeing something behind the scenes in St. Petersburg, that the successful conclusion of the convention with Germany was hailed with great satisfaction. No important economical advantage was gained for Russia, but the door was opened for a better understanding with Germany, and a clear intimation was given to France that Russia declined to dance to the tune of the French fiddler. The betrothal of the present emperor to a German princess, though not really influenced by political considerations, was naturally interpreted in France as a further rebuff; and finally the death of Alexander III., and the accession to the throne of a young czar, about to marry his German *fiancée*, and known to have English proclivities, could not fail to enlighten the most sanguine Frenchman as to the real value of the vaunted Franco-Russian alliance.

The accession of Nicholas II. coincides with what would, in any case, have been marked as a distinct turning-point in the contemporary history of Russia. It is impossible to say what Alexander III. might have done had he lived; but it was noted that during his last illness in the Crimea he received and conversed with General Miliutin, his first minister of war, whom he had dismissed at the beginning of his reign, together with the other liberal members of Loris Melikoff's government; and many anticipations were founded on this unexpected interview. After the sad disillusionments of the last few months of his life, and the conviction, which must have been forced upon him, that his policy had proved a failure, it seems fairly certain that the late czar would have made some change in the system of administration of internal affairs. In external affairs, too, a change was clearly marked on the horizon; the hollowness of the so-called Russo-French alliance had been made manifest; the relations with Germany had been restored to a normal footing, by the removal of the last cause of irritation, with the promulgation of the Emperor William's decree authorizing the Reichs Bank to again accept Russian securities; and the vitality of the Triple Alliance was visibly declining. The curtain was ready to rise on a change of scene when the principal actor was removed from the stage, and Nicholas II. was suddenly called upon to assume the leading rôle.

The marriage of the young czar immediately after his accession is certainly the most important event since his father's death. It is not often that the consort of a reigning sovereign exercises any important influence over the conduct of political affairs; but the special circumstances attending the betrothal and marriage of Nicholas II., and the character of his bride, seem likely to give the young empress a more than ordinary influence in her husband's counsels. It was generally understood in St. Petersburg that when the Czar Alexander decided that it was

time for his heir to marry, the latter was anything but pleased at the decision. It is certain that he had always liked the Hessian princess, his second cousin; but liking, and even admiring, a charming young cousin, do not necessarily lead to a desire for marriage. The fact is that, to use a colloquial expression, "the young czarevitch had never had his fling." He had always been kept in leading-strings by his mother, who, though without influence over the late emperor in political matters, exercised an absolute and by no means light authority in domestic concerns; and he chafed at a want of personal liberty, which he anticipated might be confirmed by matrimony, particularly with a bride of his mother's selection, and presumably likely to remain under her influence. It was probably with no light heart that the Russian heir-apparent went to Darmstadt to seek the hand of the Princess Alix; but the personal charms of the princess, her dignified conduct, and the firmness with which she showed her determination to consult her conscience only in the matter of the changes she could accept in the form of her religion, are believed to have produced a powerful impression on the mind of her suitor, and to have rendered him really solicitous for the arrangement of the marriage.

The betrothal of the czarevitch took place at Darmstadt, and it was understood to be conditional on the final acceptance by the Princess Alix of the orthodox faith. The next phase in the marriage arrangements was the summoning of the princess to the bedside of the dying Alexander. It must have been, from every point of view, a most trying situation for the bride-elect, who, anxious to fulfil the wishes of the relations to whom she owed most, and moved by every feeling of sympathy to satisfy the desire of the dying czar, was nevertheless dubious as to the possibility of conscientiously accepting some of the points demanded in connection with the change of the form of her religion. Rarely has a conscientious mind been subjected to so cruel

an ordeal. It would be unprofitable and indiscreet for us to gratify curiosity by endeavoring to ascertain and point out the various points conceded or maintained in this struggle between sympathy and conscience. It is sufficient to know that the princess won the admiration of all around her by a right-minded firmness, which never passed the limits of conscientious duty, and which was throughout accompanied by such evidence of a loving, sympathetic nature as smoothed many difficulties and soothed many sorrows. The marriage has now taken place, and there is little wonder that the czar and all the Russian imperial family have become devotedly attached to the bride, whose virtues and strength of character have assured her influence in the position which she was so suddenly called upon to fill under such exceptionally trying circumstances.

We have spoken of the character of the young empress; we should also say something of her training, and of the surroundings under which she was brought up. The youngest surviving child of the much-lamented Princess Alice of England, she lost her mother when only six years old. From the date of that sad event, the motherless children of the Hessian family became the special charge of their grandmother, her Majesty, our queen, who has always shown a very particular interest in their welfare, so that their education has been as much English as German. Until the death of their grand-uncle, the old Grand Duke of Hesse, the household of their father was maintained on the most modest scale, with no greater luxury than could be obtained in England with an income of some £3,000 a year. Visits to England were included among the special pleasures in the lives of the young princesses,—with the general result, that the new empress has even stronger associations with England than with Germany; and with the incidental result, that English is her common language with the czar, her husband. Finally, as regards the German origin of the empress, it should be noted that the Hessian

grand-ducal family suffered much from the results of the war of 1866, when the Hessians sided with Austria against Prussia; and that for many years all the Hessian people entertained very bitter feelings against Prussia.

We have said enough to show what are likely to be the tendencies of such influence as the young empress of Russia may exert with her husband. Little is known for certain of the particularities of the character of Nicholas II., though the general impressions gathered by those who have had the opportunity of observing him are probably sufficiently accurate to serve as indications of the line he is likely to follow. The czar has certainly inherited his father's distaste for shows and ceremonies, together with his modest, retiring nature, and also his disinclination for office work. His court is sure to be ordered with all the simplicity to which both he and his empress have been accustomed in their youth, and his personality as czar is likely to be as little forced on the public as was that of his father. Whether Nicholas will be governed by the same strong sense of duty which forced his father's anxious attention to all the details of state affairs, and impaired his health by overwork, time will show; but it is certain that he has none of the restlessness of temperament of his relative the German emperor, and whether in home or in foreign policy, he will be disinclined to take any strong measures, the necessity of which may not appear to have been fully proved. He has seen enough of life, and has doubtless heard enough from his father, to teach him that but few of those around him can be trusted in his counsels; but it is probable that he will be more easily influenced by those whom he may trust, and among those few the young empress will certainly be counted. One negative point in his character, but of cardinal importance, is the complete absence of that fanatical bigotry concerning the orthodox faith and the sacred nature of the autocracy, which, as we have shown, gave the key-note to his father's policy in all classes of state affairs. If there

were no other differences between the characters of Alexander II. and his successor, this difference on the question of a fanatical belief in the all-sufficing virtues of the autocratic system and of the orthodox faith, would by itself render the "Change of Czars" a most important event, as regards the conduct of Russian affairs both at home and abroad.

Although we do not expect any startling revolution in Russian affairs, Nicholas II. has shown clearly, even in the first few weeks of his reign, that he can and will exercise marked independence of judgment in dealing with the questions which come before him. Both in the matter of the framing of the usual manifesto, issued immediately on his accession, and still more strikingly with regard to the special proclamation to the Finnish nation, the young czar followed the independent promptings of his own mind, which were not in accord with the ideas of those who had been his father's advisers. It was quite a startling revelation of the dawn of a liberal era when, the first proclamation issued in Finland having produced a bad impression among the people, it was promptly withdrawn, and a new document prepared, in which Finnish sentiment was more carefully considered. From all that was known beforehand of Nicholas II., from the fact that he received his education, in chief part, from a highly educated, large-minded Englishman, from his sympathy with English ideas, and from the natural gentleness of his disposition, it might have been safely prophesied that he would, as far as possible, introduce a more liberal spirit in the conduct of internal affairs; and now some of the very first acts of his reign have already given distinct proofs of the change of tendency in that direction.

Already the czar has earned the thanks of the Finns, of the Poles, and of the Jews, by the promise of more considerate treatment, which they have had occasion to note, and it may be hoped that this promise will be fulfilled in such a manner as to promote the

welfare of all classes of the subjects of the autocrat of all the Russias. It is absurd to think of introducing such a form of government as is generally understood by the word "constitutional" for a people of whom fully eighty per cent. are illiterate; but there are many useful reforms to be accomplished, and much liberty can judiciously be granted without changing the essential form of government. Above all, there is urgent need of decentralization; and though many of those to whom it would be necessary to delegate authority would certainly prove unfit for the responsibility of their positions, a beginning must be made. In our opinion, the system of decentralization introduced by Boris Melikoff, when he divided Russia into five or six large territories, and appointed as many governor-generals with very extensive powers, is the most suitable immediate remedy for the present unsatisfactory condition of Russia.

In conclusion, we may say a few words concerning the probability of any changes in the foreign policy of Russia likely to result from the "Change of Czars." We have already said that we do not believe that the policy of the late czar was seriously influenced by his predilections in favor of one foreign nation rather than another. It is not likely that such predilection will seriously influence his successor; but the fact that Nicholas II. is favorably disposed towards England is certainly an advantage, as favoring the arrangement of pending questions in central Asia. These questions have only been kept open by the wilful perversity and ambition of a handful of soldiers, who took advantage of the idiosyncrasies of their late master to perpetuate a state of tension by their outrageous proceedings in the neighborhood of our Indian frontiers.

As regards Germany, it is not known that the czar has any prejudices one way or the other, and now that all causes for soreness have been removed, there is no reason why he should not maintain the most friendly relations with his immediate neighbor. As re-

gards Austria, it is known that, while czarevitch, he formed the most friendly relations with the Austrian court, and this friendship with the Hapsburg family will certainly assist the renewal of the intimate political relations formerly existing between Vienna and St. Petersburg. With regard to France, the czar will doubtless be glad to cultivate French sympathy, as far as this can be done without entailing on Russia any obligations or responsibilities for the dangerous ebullitions of French chauvinism. With all his reserve and caution, the late czar was led further than he desired by the excitability of his French admirers, and the lesson of the difficulties arising from the situation thus created has not been lost in St. Petersburg. Nicholas II. has a free hand in this question, and the Franco-Russian *entente*, as understood by sanguine French chauvinists, may already be considered as a past dream.

But though the relations of Russia with the European powers are of the first importance, the political interest of the moment, as far as England is concerned, is centred on the attitude of Russia with reference to the conflict between China and Japan, and in the matter of the resuscitated Armenian question.

The Russian public and the Russian press appear to understand wonderfully little about the general political interests involved in the issue of the war in the far East; but the St. Petersburg Foreign Office, the Russian military staff, and probably the czar himself, have a very keen appreciation of the manner in which Russian projects in the East are likely to be affected by the result of the war.

It must be remembered that the czar, ever since he returned, *via* Siberia, from his tour in the East, has been president of the committee charged with the superintendence of the construction of the Siberian railway. The import of this railway is not understood outside the limited circle of the czar's confidential advisers. The world at large is led to look upon the enterprise as similar to the construc-

tion of the trans-continental railways across the great American continent. As a matter of fact, there is not, and there cannot be, any resemblance between the great American highways and that now being pushed across Siberia. The former were built with the reasonable assurance of the rapid development of the country through which they passed. There is no such assurance for the Siberian railway; on the contrary, its promoters know well that it cannot produce any economical development at all commensurate with the vast cost of the undertaking.

We could discuss this question at length; we will endeavor to express our views in a few sentences. In the first place, the idea of the potential resources of Siberia is grossly exaggerated. There are rich plains in Siberia; but the proportion of unfertile country is very large, and the severity of the climate unequalled. Even the richest lands, however, are unprofitable until there is a population to cultivate them, and cheap means of communication to enable them to exchange their produce in the markets of the world. There is no population in Siberia; there is not, and there will not be, any flow of immigrants from other over-populated countries; and the means of communication to be provided by the railway will be of the most expensive kind. The sole products of Siberia are bulky raw material; and if the peasants on the Volga are to-day suffering because the cost of carriage of their produce is too heavy to admit of its being profitably exported, it is manifestly absurd to suppose that similar produce can be profitably carried across the vast Siberian wastes. No foreign population will settle in Siberia to establish local markets and promote local development by their industry; and even if Russians themselves had the necessary capacities for successful colonization, the sparse population of the empire cannot provide the numbers required to produce any appreciable effect in so vast a region.

The sole object of the construction of the Siberian railway is political and

strategical. Since the Kuldja difficulty, in which China so effectually bested Russia, the Russians have felt great anxiety for the safety of eastern Siberia. For thousands of miles the Russian provinces are conterminous with the Chinese frontier, and it seemed that, without railway communication to bring the resources of Russia to bear on the scene of a possible conflict, the Chinese were masters of the situation. But this was not all; Russia has long since disclosed her hand sufficiently to show that she considers the acquisition of a Pacific port, which remains open in winter, as an absolute necessity for the consolidation and security of her Pacific provinces. The required port she had marked down in the Corea, and there is little doubt that, had the Corea remained dependent on China, the completion of the Siberian railway would have been speedily followed by the transfer to Russia of either Port Lazareff or Port Shestakoff. The Corea is, however, now occupied by the Japanese, and even when the great railway is completed Russia will find much, and perhaps insuperable, difficulty in coercing Japan, which, as a powerful, maritime, insular power, need fear no invasion, and which has better communication by sea with the threatened Korean coast than Russia can ever have by the Siberian railway.

During the last few months, Russian policy on the Pacific has apparently suffered an irretrievable reverse. What steps will she take to recover her position? and how far will the czar's personal interest in the Siberian railway influence his view of the situation, and his desire to snatch from Japan the fruits of her victories? It seems to us that the interests of England and Russia are too divergent in this question to admit of any possibility of joint action. If Japan is only fairly reasonable in her demands, the interests of England would be best served by Russia being forced to accept *faits accomplis*, and to abandon her hopes of extension on the Korean coast.

It will be of special interest to ob-

serve the attitude which Russia may finally adopt in the Armenian question. Without waiting for the result of the official inquiry, it may fairly be assumed as proved that the Armenians have recently suffered cruelly, if not directly at the hands of regular Turkish troops, certainly from the brutalities of the irregular Kurdish cavalry, who form a part of the Turkish army, and for whose conduct the Turkish government must accept the direct responsibility. Undoubtedly the first humane impulses of the czar led him to desire to support England in a serious endeavor to obtain some permanent amelioration of the condition of the Armenians under Turkish rule. But in yielding to the natural sentiments of humanity the czar forgot, for the time, both the traditional policy of the St. Petersburg Foreign Office as regards Turkey and the feelings of his own people towards the Armenian race. He has since been rudely reminded of both these elements in the situation, and he must make his account with them.

The policy of the Russian Foreign Office has always been to weaken Turkey by promoting the discontent of her Christian subjects, and when the moment might seem favorable—that is, when, for some reason, the European powers seemed unlikely to interfere—to make the sufferings of the Christians an excuse for aggression and further acquisitions of territory at the expense of the Ottoman Empire.

The far-seeing policy of Lord Beaconsfield sought to meet Russian intrigues in Asia Minor by the conditions of the Cyprus Convention, and the arrangements in connection with that agreement. The Turkish frontier in Asia Minor was guaranteed by England on the express condition that proper reforms should be introduced in the administration of the Turkish provinces; and steps were taken to ensure the carrying out of such reforms, by the appointment of a special and numerous body of consuls under Sir Charles Wilson, whose duty was to report on the conduct of the Turkish

officials. The moral effect of the presence and activity of these specially selected consular officers was excellent, and would doubtless, in time, have produced the desired results; but long before it was reasonable to expect that any permanent improvement could have been effected, the special consuls were withdrawn; and though we retained Cyprus, and thereby remained under the moral obligation to defend the Turkish frontier, we ceased to interest ourselves in the question of the reform of Turkish administration. This appears to us to have been most unfair to Turkey; and it would be interesting to inquire into the motives which induced our government to adopt such a line of conduct, and to trace the responsibility for the abandonment of Lord Beaconsfield's policy. In this article we must, however, confine our attention to the consideration of the present situation as created by the supineness, or worse, of the British government.

The moment has arrived when it is impossible for our Foreign Office to follow their traditional and dearly loved policy of "masterly inactivity." The British public have demanded action. If Russia would act cordially with us, there would be no difficulty in securing for the future the comparative well-being of the Turkish Armenians. The successful arrangements made for the better government of the Lebanon have furnished a useful example of what may be done for the protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte without detriment to the solidity of the Ottoman Empire. But will Russia support England in forcing any such arrangement on Turkey? We think not.

The conduct of Russia with regard to this Armenian question will test in the most interesting manner the strength of will of the young czar, and will afford a most useful occasion for noting how far the foreign policy of Russia is likely to be affected by the "Change of Czars." The Russian people care nothing for the sufferings of the Armenians. They have always,

with greater or less virulence, persecuted the foreign races who have the misfortune to be settled in their own country ; and, as we have previously shown, their conduct towards the Russian Armenians has been no exception to this rule. The Russian press has stated, with the most cynical frankness, that to assist the Turkish Armenians is to assist England, by removing one of the sources of Turkish weakness in that part of the Ottoman Empire which is now the only one readily open to Russian attack. Which will prevail ? the savage aggressive instincts of the mass of the Russian people, or the humane inspirations of Nicholas II. ?

On the answer to this question depends the practical import to England of the "Change of Czars."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE.

THE other day Bates and I made, I am sorry to say, the most terrible fools of ourselves. The curate of our parish, Mr. Damian, came in to see me one evening. Bates was with me, having a smoke and a chat, and Damian sat down and had a pipe with us. During the course of conversation, Damian mentioned that he was busy getting up a little entertainment—merely a small parish affair—for the benefit of somebody or something, I forget what. He said he had met with difficulty in beating up a sufficiency of the performing element ; he had a reciter, he said, no end of a fellow ; also a funny man, two singing ladies and a piano-playing one. What he still required was one more singing lady, or, better than that, a tenor—if such could be found—a bass singer and an accompanist. It was only a small local thing, Damian repeated, and the audience would be very appreciative and quite uncritical. Didn't we know any good-natured girl, or an unpretending tenor (a *rara avis* this, Damian said), or a good rollicking bass for sea-songs, or, lastly, an obliging accompanist who would accompany the

entire party and play a rousing waltz to start the show and the national anthem to wind up ?

Now it so happens that dear old Bates has a rather pleasing tenor voice ; you should hear him sing "When other lips," a couple of notes lower and with the highest note modified ; it is really quite a treat. I sometimes accompany Bates myself, when the music is in flats and there are not too many of them. I never play in sharps ; no composer with any self-respect ought to write in sharps ; after all, "He only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases !" or, perhaps, because he is anxious to show the public what a musician he is, and that it is just as easy for a man like him to compose in some awful key, like Z sharp minor, as in a law-abiding and respectable one that sticks as far as possible to the self-respecting white notes and abjures the blacks. Well, Bates possesses, as I have mentioned, a small but pleasing tenor voice, while I am, in a very modest way, an accompanist. Now these parsons are very, very deep sometimes ; and though I am certain that Damian, good man, was perfectly well aware of the facts concerning Bates and myself which I have just mentioned (though how he learned them is an eternal mystery), yet he did not in the slightest degree betray his knowledge while leading up to the subject of the impending entertainment and of his pressing need of performers. Without a thought for the consequences, I now rushed in and made a fool of myself : "By Jove, Bates," I said, "why, this is the very opportunity for you !"

"Is Mr. Bates an accompanist ?" asked Damian innocently. "How delightful !" Oh, these parsons ! I was a mere dove in the grip of the eagle. I pointed out that Bates was a tenor, and added that it was merely out of consideration for the feelings of Mr. Edward Lloyd and other youthful aspirants that he had not long since stepped forth, like Achilles from his tent, and conquered the musical world.

"How charming !" said that wily

ecclesiastic. "You will sing for us of course, Mr. Bates; dear me, what a treat it will be for us all to hear you! I only hope we shall find an accompanist worthy of the occasion." "Oh, well," said Bates, "I'll sing if you like, since it's merely a little parish concern, but only on condition that that driveller there (Bates referred to me in this rude manner) plays the accompaniment. He can't play much, but he jumps on the notes he knows I am shuky on; besides, I prefer an accompanist whom I can kick at discretion."

"What, does Jones play?" said that deceitful curate; "how very charming! Come now, Jones, you must do all the accompaniments for us on Friday week, and you'll throw in a waltz to set the thing going. You won't refuse, I know, for a good cause; really, this visit was most providential."

"Now look here, Damian," I said; "I will play for Bates, because I have been the short-sighted means of involving the poor innocent in the meshes you had laid for him; I will not desert poor Bates in his need; he cannot possibly take an E or an F without my aid, and I shall therefore see Bates through; but as for accompanying any one else, Damian, I absolutely and decisively decline; you must go and find other prey." I suppose I looked dangerous; anyhow Damian understood that I saw through him, for, after a quick glance at my face, he talked of other things, and soon afterwards he left us.

And so it happened that Bates and I committed ourselves to this foolish undertaking. There were ten clear days in which we could work up our songs for the entertainment. Bates came over every evening and practised with me. He was to sing twice, and his songs were: "The sun is setting on the hill" (which the programme converted into "The sun is sitting on the hill"), this for the first portion; while for the second part we reserved Bates's *cheval de bataille*: "When other lips." Our rehearsals went off

satisfactorily enough on the whole. "When other lips" was really rather nice; of course Bates did not attempt to take the high A flat—that would have been a foolish thing to do; we altered all the A's and G's into notes which a plain man can take with some show of modesty and self-respect. In the first song there was an F sharp which rather bothered Bates; "The sun is setting" is a love-ditty of five verses, and the high note comes at the end of each. Bates rose to it surprisingly well, sometimes, but at other times he shied a little at it; still, on the whole, the song went well enough, and we were confident that all would go brilliantly "on the day." Well, that day came round at last; and when it did, I was realizing fairly and fully what a fool I had been to consent to face, for the first time in my life, an audience. As a matter of fact, I felt as nervous as though I were about to be shot. As for poor Bates, that artiste's condition was melancholy in the extremest sense of the word. He looked in three times during the course of the day in order to remind me to "give him that F sharp." If I didn't, Bates declared he would denounce me in public. I said he should have his F sharp all right if I could see to strike it; but to tell him the honest truth, I added, I was getting so nervous already that I could hardly tell which were the black and which were the white notes on the piano. "Do you know, old chap," said Bates, "it's the most ridiculous thing in the world, but I am a bit nervous myself!" There was no need for the poor fellow to tell me this, for he was looking as old and haggard and restless as though he had murdered some one and "it" had been to call on him about midnight. "After all," Bates added, "it's only a little wretched parish affair, and the audience—if there is one (here we both laughed the unnecessary and unconvincing uproariousness of extreme nervousness)—will consist of boys and people who know much less about music than even we ourselves do."

"Yes," I repeated, "only boys, with

perhaps a few orange-sucking, nut-cracking sisters thrown in."

"I really think I'm good enough for that kind of audience—what d'ye think?" said Bates with an affectation of confidence which he was far from feeling.

"Rather!" said I; "let them have it loud and strong, and they'll take you for a Mario."

Once again before the evening Bates came in to remind me about that F sharp, and to exchange assurances as to the inability of an audience such as we should have to discriminate one tune from another. Afterwards we dined together. Bates would not eat; he said that singers never eat for four hours before singing; but he drank some porter—without which, he assured me, no singer ever thinks of facing an audience. "Why, there was Mario now," Bates said; "he never performed any scene in any opera without having a big mug of stout hidden for him behind some rock or tree, or even behind a good sturdy page or somebody, on the stage." Mario used to go behind this object, whatever it was, Bates said, pretending to be looking for the enemy, or searching for the girl of the piece, or somebody, have a pull at the stout, and then come out again and go on with the opera. "You can't sing without lots of porter," Bates concluded, "any one will tell you that; ask Santley or any other singing fellow." Bates may be right; but, as a matter of fact, I have observed the strangest divergence of opinion among singers as to the question of eating and drinking. One will assure you that no singer with the most elementary knowledge of what's what will attempt to perform unless he can step straight from the dinner-table upon the stage, and that all wines, beer, and spirits are, for singers, rank poison. Another is equally convinced that the singer who attempts to warble sweetly upon a full stomach is a mere ignoramus, four or five hours being the narrowest margin of time which should elapse between eating and singing. As for drink, he will tell you, personally

he swears by port wine, and lots of it, but others prefer beer or porter; some take champagne. Any of these are good to sing upon, but no food must be taken; the starvation system is the only true secret of good singing. A third artiste declares that he eats what he likes and drinks what he likes and does it *when* he likes, and that he laughs at all faddists; the foolery about starving before singing, he says, is ridiculous, and so is the theory of stuffing—one is as foolish as the other. Eat when it suits you, and drink when it suits you—that's his system, he says, and any one who does otherwise must be a fool. Now all three of these persons sing delightfully, so that it is somewhat difficult to decide who is right and who is wrong. Personally, I think the last-quoted gentleman must be about right—the person who steers a middle course; as a general rule, I find it is best to ride in the middle of the road; there is less chance of falling into the ditch on either side.

When Bates and I reached that fatal hall—the schoolroom of the parish—we found it completely filled with an impatient public. Occupying three or four rows of chairs in the very front were the aristocracy of the district, mostly ladies; next behind these came the parents of the schoolchildren; while these latter filled to overflowing the end seats of the hall, and were occupied in the usual schoolboy avocations of nut-cracking, bear-fighting, orange-sucking, and whistling. The aspect of the place did not have the effect of putting Bates and me at our ease. To begin with, we had not bargained for the four rows of educated people in front. We felt that Damian was not quite playing a fair game, and I made a mental resolution to speak very straight to Damian afterwards. As for the bawling, whistling, ballyragging boys at the end, they simply terrified us; we found our places with difficulty, and floundered into them in a condition of mind which bordered upon the dazed.

Presently, the moment for the sacri-

fice of the first victim having arrived, Damian mounted upon the stage and made a few introductory remarks. He said the usual things—how good it was of all of us to sing and play, and so on, and how very virtuous everybody else was to come and listen; in fact, he made us comfortable all round, to the best of his ability—though he entirely failed in Bates's case and my own. His voice sounded to me miles away, and he and the stage turned round and round all the while he was speaking. Then Damian made way for a poor young thing—the picture of despair and woe—who sat down and began to play the initiatory waltz. She was so nervous at first that the piano would not respond to her feeble touch; but presently, finding that no one listened and that she had not interrupted the sports at the end of the room, she cheered up, and for the last two or three minutes the piano had quite a rough time at her hands. Heavens! how Bates and I applauded when she had finished! It seemed to comfort us to violently clap our hands; it worked off a little of the horror that overwhelmed us. Ours was the fifth item on the programme, so that we had plenty of time to enjoy, with what appetite we might, the efforts of several earlier performers. After the waltz came a recitation by—I can't recall the name, but it sounded—so Bates said afterwards—like Horatius Cocles; I think it was Ignatius Brockley, or something like it. Ignatius was a tremendous fellow. He recited the "Charge of the Light Brigade" in a manner to convince even the Philistines at the further end of the hall. He was only moderately insane up to the place where "some one had blundered;" but these latter words appeared to excite him to frenzy, and he suddenly became a dangerous lunatic. He behaved like a rampant, raging madman. He shook his fist at us all as he careered up and down the stage; he ducked his head as though dodging cannon-balls; he raised his sword (a ruler) and cheered on his men; he reeled—wounded; he reached the foe

and dug at him fiercely with ugly bayonet thrusts; he spiked the guns with cheers and hoarse shouts, and then he galloped home like the hero that he was, and wiped the perspiration from his brow as he came down the steps amid a storm of shouts and yells and whistlings and hand-clappings, and I'm sure we all felt very proud of ourselves as Britons, and wished we could all be as noble as Ignatius. We encored the hero lustily—especially Bates and I, for we were naturally anxious to put off the evil hour. But Ignatius gave us to understand that his feelings were too much for him—at least, that is how I interpreted his actions; he returned to the stage and bowed and smiled, but wagged his head in a negative manner, and continued to wipe his brow with one hand while he covered his heart with the other. Reciters, I have observed, are occasionally much affected by their own performances; the audience likes them to be so, and thinks great things of the reciter who can make himself cry—they take him for a poet, and tell one another that "that young fellow will be heard of," and so on. The soul of Ignatius was clearly far too large for his body, which was a very little one.

Next after the reciter, who had certainly scored a great success, came a lady singer. There was a great deal of the lady and very little of the singer. It is a comical thing to see an extremely tall lady open her mouth and emit a sound about as loud as the piping of a young hedge-sparrow. The boys at the end found it very funny indeed, and said so. They laughed a good deal about it—the thing seemed quite to strike them. The song itself was very inoffensive, and the sentiments expressed were extremely commendable, but no one listened to them; the pearls were entirely thrown away before the little pigs at the back of the hall, who did not interrupt their eating and their romping to pick them up. The singer was not nervous—she was an old hand—but when she was forced to retire without an encore she appeared to be deeply pained by so

marked a lack of taste in her audience, and I overheard her mention to Mr. Damian, as he escorted her to her place, that she had never before sung to so inappreciative a body of people as his parishioners. Damian got out of the difficulty somehow — trust Damian for that! — but I did not catch his reply; indeed, I had enough to keep me employed in the reflection that there now remained but one performance before Bates and I should be called upon to appear. I cannot recall a single detail as to the next item — neither can Bates. It was the turn of the funny man, and I remember that the audience were kept in roars of laughter, in which Bates and I joined uproariously, although I am perfectly certain that both Bates's head and my own were buzzing to such an extent that we did not hear a single word of what the fellow was saying or singing. An encore gave us a minute or two of reprieve, and then time was up — the fateful hour had struck — horrid destiny was at our door.

Half conscious, dizzy, and entirely miserable, I rose from my seat and followed Bates towards the stage. As for Bates himself, I really think that, if such a thing is possible, his condition was even more wretched than my own. I have a faint recollection — Bates cannot remember anything about it — that Bates, in climbing the steps to reach the stage, tripped up over the top one and dropped his music, and that the entire audience, together with myself, laughed heartily at his misfortune, and that Bates laughed also in a feeble sort of way, and said "Come on!" and that I did come on and sank into my seat at the piano in a pitiful condition. Bates had both copies of the song, I recollect, and could not be got to understand that I required one to play from. Perhaps I whispered so feebly that he failed to hear — anyhow, he stood there smiling idiotically and looking from me to the audience and back again, as if he could not recall what he had come there for, but hoped to remember in a minute or two if left to himself by an indulgent public. At

last, apparently, he comprehended what I required of him, for he suddenly blurted out, quite loudly, "Oh, I beg your pardon," and handed me the music. A boy at the end bawled out, "Don't mention it!" and we all laughed again.

Then I struck out into the symphony, of which I omitted to sound at least half of the notes written and played the rest wrong, and then —

Surely that cannot be Bates singing? It is not the voice of Bates. His was never a loud organ; but this is the voice of a very sparrow and no man. Nevertheless it appears to be Bates who is producing the sound. "The sun is setting on the hill" — dear me, what a long way off it seems to be! — I don't mean the sun nor the hill, but Bates's voice. I must remember to give him that F sharp when it comes. As the dangerous place draws nearer, however, I become sadly conscious that if I do attempt to give Bates his F sharp, all the rest of the accompaniment will assuredly go by the board. It has come to this: either I must wreck Bates or I must myself be wrecked; which shall it be? The unsuspecting Bates — who trusts me — is meanwhile approaching the rocks. What can he know of the torments which are overwhelming me because of him? My mind is made up; Bates shall become a sheer hulk in a minute. After all, it is better to play the accompaniment as it is written — the composer knew what he was about, I suppose. Here's the place. "Then, love, good-night!" sings poor Bates in his far-away, sparrow-like tones; "good-night!" Alas! the high note, that fatal F sharp, should have come on the repetition of the word "good-night." It never came. Bates says he thinks he went at it in the usual way, but, as a matter of fact, he did nothing of the sort. Instead of galloping boldly at it and taking it in his stride, he, as it were, trotted up to it and skipped at it in a half-hearted, donkey-ride kind of manner which was quite sure to end in disaster. It did end in disaster. The note came, what

there was of it, in a squeaky treble, as though Bates were a schoolboy and his voice were just cracking.

Well, it appeared that nothing could have pleased the audience better. They roared and shouted with delight at the far end of the room, and they encored that F sharp to the echo. Bates laughed also in a feeble, idiotic kind of way, and so did I; mirth is infectious, and the well-dressed people in the front rows, seeing that we were ourselves amused and not offended, joined in the laughter. I remember glancing at the audience about this time, and noticing that our two places were empty, and wondering in a dazed kind of manner where Bates and I could be, and hoping we had not got into mischief, though I felt something was not right with us. Then I thumped out the symphony to the second verse, and Bates began before I had finished it. Then came an exciting chase for the rest of the verse—I pursuing Bates, and cutting off corners of bars in order to overhaul him—Bates cleverly keeping ahead, and winning eventually by a short neck. One would think that he was insanely anxious to reach that F sharp, yet when he did reach it (I being then about a bar behind), he made, if possible, a feebler effort to take the note than he had done on the first occasion. But the audience evinced the most friendly and flattering interest in Bates's voice, and when the high note loomed in the distance, several persons stood up to see it come. It was hailed with shouts of delight when it arrived, and the mirth was general and unaffected. During the symphony to the following verse Bates received several pieces of useful advice from the far end of the room. One boy recommended him, I remember, to suck a lozenge. Another counselled him to "leave it orf the chest." Bates did not do either; it might have been better if he had, it could not very well have been worse. During the progress of the third and fourth verses the excitement was intense; that F sharp was looked for—longed for by its many admirers in the hall; they

could hardly restrain their impatience when the place where they knew it must reappear hove in view; it was hailed as an old friend now, and was beloved like one too; the boys practised it while the rest of the verse was going on, and the audience shouted *en masse* when it came. Bates grinned pleasantly, if feebly, when the people roared their delight, though he is under the impression to this hour that he frowned horribly at the "little brutes down at the end;" he never frowned at all, as a matter of fact. And so at last we reached the fifth verse. By this time I had realized that an effort must really be made in order that we might at least leave that stage with flying colors, and I determined to do my very best to support poor old Bates on his last high note or perish in the attempt. As we approached it, going fairly well together—I think he was a crotchet or so ahead, but nothing to matter—I gathered nerve to whisper, "Now then, old chap, pull yourself together for the last F sharp—show them what you're made of!"

Bates showed them what he was made of, and I am sorry to be obliged to admit that the material was very poor indeed. There is nothing of the ordinary amateur tenor about Bates—none of that vulgar love of display upon the highest notes—you know what I mean: the fellow gets hold of a high A, or something equally phenomenal, and there he stays far beyond the span of time allotted to it by the composer. In vain the accompanist looks appealingly at the singer as though he would say, "Oh, *do* let go and come down, and let's get on to the next chord. I want to get home to my tea;" while the singer retaliates with a glare of great ferocity and determination, which I always take to mean "Not if I know it! Here I am and here I intend to remain as long as my breath holds out—it is not every tenor, my good man, who can take this note and hold it." Well, what I mean is, there is nothing of that sort of thing about dear old Bates, but on this occasion, perhaps, my words roused him

from his dazed condition, and he certainly did his best to pull himself together as I had bidden him. He went at that F sharp like a hero, and alas ! like a hero he fell. As a matter of fact, I think it was I who "gave him away," for, in my anxiety to do my best for Bates, I made a wild lunge at that F sharp—and missed it clean. F sharp, as my musical readers are aware, is a black note ; well, I rushed at that black F sharp and alighted on one of its neighbors, a white note—G, I believe, or perhaps E—anyhow, its merits were *nil* in comparison with those of F sharp. Bates, meanwhile, had just reached the latter note and was doing fairly well on it, when in I rushed with my G. When Bates heard my G, his voice, for some reason which I do not attempt to explain or excuse, lost all sense of decency and propriety and went off suddenly into a loud crack and a gurgle. In a word, the last F sharp was the worst of the five.

I descended from that fateful platform with my entire inner being turning round and round, and with a dim consciousness that two fellows had just made awful fools of themselves and amused us all very much, but I could not recollect the poor fellows' names. I have since recalled them all right.

Bates and I stumbled into our seats amid roars and yells of applause. The ladies in the front rows were swaying about and crying with laughter, and the boys at the end, probably imagining that the whole thing was intentionally done, were deafening in their delight. Bates and I laughed a good deal too ; but then we were no longer answerable for our actions, being in a sort of delirium.

We were encored, of course, but Bates could not be got to understand what was wanted of him, he was too dazed ; all he could do was to repeat idiotically, "What, old chap?" to everything that was said to him. At length I made a supreme effort and pulled myself together, telling Damian that we were obliged to catch a train. I lugged my poor friend down the hall and out into the air—our departure

being accompanied by staves of "So, love, good-night!" mostly on the high F sharp.

"Bates, Bates," I said, as we stumbled homewards with the chilly sense of failure upon us, "how came we to make such asses of ourselves as to perform in public? And oh, Bates! *why* did you sing like a sparrow and not like a man?"

"What, old chap?" said poor Bates.

From Temple Bar.

AN UNPUBLISHED PAGE IN MADAGASCAR HISTORY.

IN the history of most nations, whether barbarous or civilized, there stand out a few strong men who, through the power of their own personality, leave their impress on the whole nation. One of these "rulers of men" was King Rádláma I., of Madagascar, who reigned from 1810 to 1828. The various tribes that inhabited the island had lived in a state of constant warfare, now one now another gaining the upper hand, till, at the end of last century, the Hovas came into prominence. King Andrianipoina and his son Rádláma succeeded in throwing off the yoke of the Sakalavas, who had long been the dominant race; they conquered the neighboring tribes, and made themselves virtual kings of Madagascar, though they never held the whole island.

The actual consolidation of the tribes was the work of Rádláma. Perceiving from the example of European nations that power could not be held by right of arms alone, he conceived the remarkable design of civilizing his people. Already some European influence had reached Madagascar through French colonies, and the king had gained some mastery over the French language. Now the cession of the Mauritius to England in 1814 had brought British interests into these parts.

At that time Madagascar was an important centre of the slave trade; and

the credit of abolishing this is due to Sir Robert Farquhar, governor of the Mauritius, who, on behalf of Great Britain, concluded a treaty with Rádāma in 1817. This treaty provided for an entire cessation, through all the domains of King Rádāma, of the sale and transfer of slaves. To compensate for the loss of revenue thus sustained, the British government undertook to send every year to Madagascar two thousand dollars, and a quantity of powder, muskets, uniforms, etc., as well as "a full dress coat, hat, and boots all complete for Rádāma." It was afterwards arranged that Mr. Hastie, who had been sent out as British agent to the court of Rádāma, should take with him twenty-five subjects of the king to be instructed in different trades and eight to receive a training in music, in order to form a band for Rádāma's regiment of Guards.

In 1820 and 1821 missionaries were allowed to settle in Madagascar, and some of these were able to give instruction in carpentry, building, shoemaking, and other industries. Thus European influences were gradually gaining ground, under the protection of King Rádāma.

A fresh glimpse of this remarkable man has just been afforded us by a manuscript lately presented to the British Museum by the family of the late Sir Richard Owen. It is the narrative of Mr. Robert Lyall, the traveller, who was sent out by the British government to Madagascar in 1827, to succeed Mr. Hastie, who had died in the previous year.

The journal covers a space of twenty-three days only, but that brief record gives a wonderfully vivid insight into the state of things in the island, and an attractive picture of Rádāma. There is a charm, too, in the simplicity with which Mr. Lyall records his own adventures and impressions.

"Government having requested" he writes, "that I would keep a very minute journal of all my transactions, I have endeavored to meet their views in the diary of my trip to Tamatave, a diary which contains a frank and cau-

did report, especially of the conversations I had with his Majesty Rádāma, who is assuredly a very extraordinary man, and who is likely to acquire great fame and glory."

He then relates how he sailed with his family on the 23rd of June in the *Eliza Jane* for the Mauritius (where Sir Lowry Cole had succeeded Sir Robert Farquhar), and on the 2nd of October anchored at Port Louis, having spent one hundred and one days on the passage. There he remained twelve days settling his family, and making preparations for his journey, preparations which included procuring "almost every article, whether of necessity, convenience, or luxury (including pots, pans, kettles, dishes, etc.), except beef and rice."

As there seemed to be some uncertainty regarding the reception Mr. Lyall might expect "on account of the singular treatment Mr. Cole and Mr. Campbell had met with at King Rádāma's court, and the critical state of England's political relations with Madagascar," it was arranged that he should proceed to Tamatave in a colonial vessel, in order to give the due formality to his mission. On the 24th October he set out, attended by a Mr. Morgan.

"1827. *Wednesday, October 24th.* — I embarked with my secretary, on board his Majesty's colonial brig, the *Erin*, which had previously gone outside the Bell Buoy, Port Louis, and was laying-to for me. At half past seven o'clock P.M., we sailed, with a fair wind, for Madagascar."

"*Sunday 28th.* — About seven o'clock in the morning the land was distinctly perceived, and soon afterwards the Isle of Prunes and the Point of Tamatave were easily distinguished.

"When within a few miles of the shores I was delighted with the fine appearance of the country, hills rising behind hills in beautiful amphitheatre, to a considerable height, and could not avoid contrasting the charming aspect of nature with the malaria, the mortal fever of the climate."

Here he despatched Mr. Morgan, "habited in his best full uniform," with a letter to Rádāma, requesting an interview. Mr. Morgan thus describes his reception on land :—

"Having reached Government House, I found the governor of Tamatave, Mr. Robin, rising from bed, who received me in his shirt and trousers. Having taken the letter for his Majesty Rádāma, he informed me that the king had gone a short distance into the country to make an appeal, according to custom, to some of his people on the coast, and he desired me to wait for a couple of hours, when I should receive an answer, as he would forward Mr. Lyall's letter immediately, by a courier, which he accordingly did in my presence.

"Mr. Robin then politely asked me to sit down, and ordered English beer to be presented, of which I heartily partook, as the day was very warm and I very thirsty.

"Mr. Robin, having previously sent for Mr. Redington—an Englishman, and a resident at Tamatave—to act as interpreter, wrote upon half a sheet of paper his name, rank, and titles, and presented it to me. By this means I was early made to know that he was grand marechal of Madagascar, commander-in-chief of the forces, general and private secretary of the king, governor of Tamatave, etc.

"Mr. Robin next made numerous inquiries respecting Mr. Lyall's character, all of which I answered to the best of my abilities. He then stated that King Rádāma was very partial to men of good understanding and general acquirements; that having heard very good accounts of Mr. Lyall, he had anxiously anticipated his arrival ever since he knew of his appointment, and that his Majesty was now very desirous to see him."

Mr. Robin thus describes his own landing :—

"Being dressed in my best uniform, which is allowed to be handsome, accompanied by Mr. Morgan, attired in a very gaudy uniform, I got into the gig, and was pulled astern of the Erin.

Having previously arranged with Captain Kelly, during our progress toward the shore, a salute was fired by the Erin, which was returned from the Battery on my landing."

They were received on shore by Mr. Robin in his best uniform, "which, though gaudy with gold lace, certainly is not that of a grand marechal," and proceeded to the Battery, the temporary residence of the king at Tamatave.

"The Battery occupies a very large square of ground, upon a slight elevation nearly at the end of Tamatave, and is furnished with a few cannon. It is surrounded by high, strong palisades, and has a door in the centre of each side, at all of which sentinels are stationed. At a few yards distance from the palisades is a square of buildings of various magnitudes, and all detached from each other. The principal edifice, fronting the chief gate, is the dwelling of Prince Rataffe (who was in England), brother-in-law of the king, and military commandant of Tamatave, while the rest of the edifices form magazines, store-houses, stables, dwellings for attendants, etc. The Battery was formerly the residence of the well-known Jean René; it is always given up to the king during his residence at Tamatave. Though the principal building, or palace, only contains three apartments, none of which are very large, yet being arranged for parade as well as comfort, and being very clean, the residence is by no means despicable. Besides, in one of the corners of the square, towards the shore, there is a small tower, or retreat, elevated for the king, and neatly furnished, where he passes his time when the weather is very warm, and transacts his private affairs. But to return to the business of the day.

"Having entered the Battery on horseback, about five hundred troops, all in English uniform, and drawn up around the square, presented arms to me, while the band struck up "God save the King," and I returned the salute. Remarking the king's flag, I descended from my horse, took off my hat, and walked across the square

toward the house already described, where the king awaited me, and by the time I got up, his Majesty was already at the door."

The king shook hands with both Mr. Lyall and Mr. Morgan, and, agreeably to the custom of the country, each left a coin in Rádāma's hand, saying in English, "A tribute of respect to your Majesty."

They then entered the chief apartment, where Rádāma signed to Mr. Lyall to take the seat on his right hand.

"Mr. Robin was seated on the left of the king, Mr. Corroller, lately governor of Tamatave, and now general secretary-in-chief, and aide-de-camp to Rádāma, was placed on my right, and Mr. Morgan on the left of Mr. Robin. Prince Rataffe, Mr. Phillibert, the grand judge, and about twenty of Rádāma's principal officers, were also present, who stood for some time, and then beseated themselves around the apartment.

"I now rose, and delivered a letter of introduction, from his Excellency Sir Lowry Cole, to his Majesty, besides some other letters; a copy of my quarto volume; a copy of my travels, and a copy of the account of the military colonies in Russia (all elegantly bound, which excited Rádāma's attention a good deal, and more especially the plates in the first work); a machine for spinning silk, which was given to me by Colonel Stavely; a letter, and a splendid Bible, in a box, from Mr. Hankey, treasurer to the Missionary Society; a Circassian arrow, a Tartar whip, etc. With the whip the king was greatly amused; he kept it a long time in his hand, showing it now and then to his officers, and laughing heartily at its broad flap end which makes a noise upon the horse's sides."

The conversation was carried on in French, the king expressing himself fluently in Creole French, though with some diffidence, and occasionally employing Mr. Robin, himself a Frenchman, as interpreter. On the king's advice, Mr. Lyall decided not to proceed at once to the interior, as the bad season had already begun, but to re-

main in the Mauritius, and return to Madagascar the following June. Mr. Lyall then gave the king a drawing of a steamboat, explained to him the nature of Congreve's rockets, and offered to let Mr. Morgan instruct the troops in the new manœuvres according to the work of Sir Henry Torrens. To which the king replied, with much good sense, that as his troops were but half civilized, and only beginning to master the old exercises, it would be wiser not to confuse them by any change of system.

"The conversation being turned upon uniforms, I said that I was sorry to learn that the magnificent coat lately sent to him from England was by far too large. Rádāma replied, "Yes, too long, too wide, too large every way; it is like a sack, but certainly it is a handsome—a superb one." He then asked me if I would wish to see it, to which I replied in the affirmative, if it was his pleasure. Begging to be excused for a moment, the king withdrew into another chamber, and in a couple of minutes appeared in his beautiful scarlet and superbly embroidered coat, which I found as he had described, by far too large.

"He laughed heartily at himself, and said that they must imagine that he was a tall man in England, while he was in reality, '*a little man, as you see.*' Wines, ale, etc., were presented, when the king and I, as well as all the officers, drank healths."

After an audience of about two hours Mr. Lyall returned to the ship, greatly impressed with his first interview.

"I ought here to remark that during my long visit to the king the troops were continually exercising, and the band playing, with short intervals. The soldiers went through their evolutions and exercises with considerable adroitness and precision, according to Dundas's regulations, the words of command being given in Malagash, and not, as till lately, in English. That they might be improved was very evident from some irregularities in their motions. The music was tolerable, but still a number of false notes,

and an occasional want of concord struck the ear.

"The general impression made upon my mind to-day was a mixture of astonishment and admiration.

"I beheld before me Rádāma, who but a few years ago wore his *Sallac* (or Sarandran), now decorated like a European monarch; a being who but lately was a savage, acting with all the dignity, affability, and kindness of a civilized prince; a man whose ears had early and long been accustomed only to the sounds of barbarism and slavery, every now and then repeating how dear to his heart was the civilization of his country, how much he owed to England, and how determined he was to maintain, on his part, the treaty for the total abolition of the slave trade. In a word, I beheld a prince, endowed with noble sentiments (and who has, no doubt, his faults), who only seemed to want good counsellors in order to make a very rapid march in civilization, and, if a few years be granted to him, to vie with Peter the Great in the career of honest fame and imperishable glory.

"As for the king's staff, it is but justice to say that they behaved with a modesty, affability, and kindness which would have done them honor at any court in the world. Besides, they conducted themselves extremely well in society.

"The sight of black soldiers in English uniform, with English muskets, and performing English exercises; of a band of forty black musicians, playing English, Scotch, and native airs; of a sable sovereign, like Rádāma, already so accomplished, and uttering sentiments worthy of human nature—might well inflame the passions, and not only console me, but even make me ambitious to pass some years at his court, in the hope of being useful to the king and his people, as well as to my own government and country."

On the following day he was established on shore in a house appointed him by the governor, and had a very important audience with the king.

The heads of discussion throw an

interesting light on Rádāma, and were summarized by Mr. Lyall as follows:—

"1st. The maintenance of the treaty *inviolat*e, which exists between the British government and Rádāma, king of Madagascar, respecting the abolition of the slave trade.

"2nd. The kind disposition of Great Britain towards his Majesty Rádāma and his people.

"3rd. The liberal views of the British government with respect to the commerce, intercolonial and international, of Madagascar, and the world in general.

"4th. The heartily sincere desire of the British government, and of the British nation, for the advancement of the natives of Madagascar in arts, sciences, literature, religion, morals, and general improvement; in a word, in the march of civilization.

"5th. The extraordinary fertility of Madagascar, and of the revenues that might be derived from her gums, resins, dye-woods, etc., besides those from her cattle, salt-beef, hides, rice, etc., providing a proper tariff were issued, and individual property were well secured.

"6th. The exchange of bullocks and salt-beef, as well as rice, through the Mauritius, for the horses and wines of the Cape of Good Hope, under proper regulations.

"7th. The commercial treaty entered into between his Majesty Rádāma and Mr. Blancard's house—a treaty, the conditions of which, it is to be feared, cannot be fulfilled by the latter; while it is proving ruinous to the external and internal commerce and prosperity of Madagascar, and hence threatens to overturn all the former liberal and wise measures and designs of the king.

"8th. The false opinion which might be formed, by his Majesty and his counsellors, of the results of the said treaty, in consequence of the salutary opposition of some mercantile houses and their agents, and also of the wish of others quietly to withdraw their property and their interests from Madagascar.

"9th. The probability, under the security of an equitable tariff, that numerous English speculators, as well as those of other nations of Europe and of America, would be induced to try their fortune in Madagascar.

"10th. The plan proposed by Captain Owen, that his Majesty Rádlāma should have a steamboat; of its uses and advantages.

"11th. The medical education of three young Malagashes at Edinburgh, agreeably to his Majesty's desire.

"12th. The advantage of having a well-educated medical man, besides Mr. Lyall, established at Tananarivon, or attached to his Majesty, his army, and his people.

"13th. Of the independence of Great Britain, and also of the Mauritius, with regard to Madagascar; and at the same time, of the wish of the British government, that former commercial relations should not be interrupted.

"14th. Of the proclamation of his Excellency, Sir Lowry Cole, of the 26th September, 1827, abolishing a duty of six per cent. upon the importation of salt-beef from the British colonies at the Cape of Good Hope, in order to counterpoise, in some measure, the ill-effects of the treaty existing between his Majesty Rádlāma and Mr. Blancard's house.

"15th. The necessity to which Great Britain might be reduced of interdicting the importation of the products of Madagascar into the Mauritius, in order to countervail the commercial treaty, spoken of under the last head.

"16th. Of my own confidence in Rádlāma, and of my feelings towards Madagascar, and the pleasure I should have in assisting his Majesty, heart and soul, in every measure that tended to his glory and the good of his people." In commenting on this interview, Mr. Lyall relates a characteristic anecdote.

"Rádlāma lately employed a young man to go among his enemies to the southward of Tananarivon, as a spy, in order to know what they were doing, especially with respect to slavery, giving him the strictest commands against

its encouragement in any way. The youth, tempted by a sum of money, soon afterwards sold a slave who was attached to himself. The news of this act having reached the king's ears, the man was seized, put in irons, carried to Tananarivon, and, after a fair trial, condemned to death. He was kept alone, however, until a *Cabar* was held, when his Majesty had him brought forward, and, after explaining his crime, he ordered him to be shot before the assembly. Rádlāma then added, 'Such a reward awaits all those who infringe the laws respecting slavery.' The head was then severed from the body, and placed upon a pole in a public place, that the effect might be more extensive and durable."

Rádlāma throughout expressed sentiments of loyalty and friendship for England.

"'England,' said the king, 'was my first ally, and has been my faithful supporter. I never can forget King George III., and far less King George IV. The British government has done everything for me, and made me what I am. All you see around me' (looking at his dress, his officers, his soldiers, his band of musicians, his table, etc.) 'does honor to your country' (I here added, 'and infinite honor to Rádlāma'). 'Sir Robert Farquhar was my warm friend, and notwithstanding what has occurred, I doubt not, on proper explanation, that Sir Lowry Cole will be so likewise. I must ever hold the name of England dear. Of her good intentions I have no doubt, and the interest she takes in the prosperity of Madagascar, and in my glory, is rendered very evident by her government sending you here, accompanied by Mr. Morgan. I know she can do much for me and my people; and I am well satisfied that you can and will aid me yourself, and thus add to the obligations I already lay under to King George IV. I love England. I have regarded her, and still regard her, *comme mon pivot*.'

"The last word Rádlāma repeated with much animation, looking me straight in the face, and then held out

his hand to me, and we had a hearty shake. Still holding my hand, he added, 'These are my sentiments, and whoever gives a contrary representation, does injustice to me and injustice to Great Britain. Do me the favor to communicate what I have said to the English government, and to Sir Lowry Cole, and to make my ideas known to your countrymen, who ever have shown themselves my friends, and will not forget me as long as I do my duty. The civilization of my people is the dearest wish of my heart, and every measure, conducive to its advancement, will meet with my approbation and support. I feel obliged to you for the open and sincere manner in which you have spoken your sentiments, whether by direction, or from your own heart, and wish to profit by them.'

"In reply to the king's proposal to send three young Malagashes to study medicine at Edinburgh, I informed the king that my opinion was, that it would be useless to send any young men to Edinburgh without a previous education, because all the lectures are delivered in English, and that I would advise, in preference, that a well-educated medical man should be engaged to proceed to Tananarivon, and to act as surgeon to the army and the people, while I would attend the king, his court, and his staff, etc.; and that he should also undertake the preparatory education of a number of young men for three years; at the end of which period the three most distinguished of them might be sent to the University of Edinburgh, while the others might become the assistants of the surgeon, and be capable of doing much good in a country in which there is no regular medical person. I added that I had reason to believe that Mr. Edington, assistant surgeon of the Samarang, would be glad to have such an appointment."

For his own part, Mr. Lyall offered to help the king by every means in his power. "Having stated that I had the view of passing a number of years at his court, I wished that they should

not be spent idly, but that his Majesty would allow me to assist him, and call upon me at all times for whatever aid I could give, for the good of his people, or the advancement of his own fame and glory."

"During the private audience I also touched upon the views of the governor of Bourbon, and of the pretensions, or claims, of the French government to possessions in Madagascar; in consequence of which delicate questions might be agitated, that had better be dormant. So far as the French were concerned, Rádāma seemed to think it a matter of no consequence, and afterwards, in a conversation with Mr. Robin, I found that the court and the officers laughed at any attempt or claim the French might think of making on their island, after their constant want of success in all former enterprises.

"The audience having finished, a general conversation took place, and talking of the king's army, I said, when the troops were going to exercise, I should like much to see them, as I had not well observed them on the preceding day, being occupied so constantly in conversation with his Majesty, that I had not had time to leave the room. He replied 'Very well,' and two minutes afterwards, while I was speaking with Mr. Phillibert, he entered another apartment for a moment, the meaning of which I did not then understand. The conversation was renewed, and in about half an hour, to my astonishment, a company of Grenadiers, preceded by the band, marched into the square before the house, when his Majesty said, 'Your wish shall now be gratified.' I could not avoid thanking the king for his unexpected and delicate attention.

"The moment Rádāma was perceived by the troops, they uttered something like 'Hurrah, Rádāma,' to which his Majesty replied very gently.

"The king and I having taken our stations upon the steps before the door, the Grenadiers, who were commanded by Colonel Bayna, went through the manual exercise tolerably well. They

then went through the platoon exercise, firing in company, by sub-divisions, by sections, and by files, and upon the whole they executed their task in a highly creditable manner.

"Reckoning this a favorable opportunity to show the troops the rifle with five charges, the king caused the same soldier as the preceding day to stand in their front and fire it again, which he did successfully, to the amusement of all present, and to the astonishment of many.

"I now reminded the king of the changes introduced by Sir Henry Torrens in the evolutions of the British army, when he expressed a wish to see them performed. I therefore desired Mr. Morgan to take a station between us and the troops, and to go through the manual exercise and the extension motions, which he executed very adroitly, and met with the king's highest approbation.

"The company of Grenadiers now gave a general salute, and marched off, the band playing the 'March of the British Grenadiers.'"

This concluded the immediate business of Mr. Lyall's mission. The rest of his stay at Tamatave was spent in an exchange of courtesies between himself and Rádama.

On the day after the audience he dined with the king.

"About half past twelve o'clock I called at the Battery unceremoniously, and sent in my name to the king, who came to the door and received me in the frankest manner. Finding his Majesty's eyes much inflamed, I gave him my advice and a dose of Epsom salts, and expressed a wish that he would postpone the dinner till another day, when he should be well. He humorously replied, '*Oh, non, non, non !*'"

The dinner is described with much minuteness.

"I then dressed in my best uniform, but instead of trousers, wore white small cloths, white silk stockings, and shoes with buckles — *tout-à-fait à l'Anglaise*.

"At the proper time, the horses

being sent, accompanied by Captain Kelly and Mr. Morgan, I proceeded to the Battery, the gates of which being thrown open, we cantered up to the house and were saluted by some troops, the band again playing 'God save the King.' On descending from my horse, Mr. Corroller came out to welcome me, and his Majesty Rádama met me at the door and received me as usual, in a very handsome manner.

"While about to sit down himself, he, as before, indicated the chair for me on his right hand. Mr. Robin and Mr. Corroller were the only two individuals who sat, besides the king, myself, and party. Prince Rataffe, Mr. Phillibert, and about twelve of his Majesty's principal officers, all in their best uniforms, were in waiting, and all stood erect round the room, but whether with a view to do honor to his Majesty or because there was a scarcity of chairs, I cannot say. I may remark, however, that after a time they sat down as on the day of the presentation, and that to-day the greatest part of the chairs, with which Tamatave in general is not well stocked, in Rataffe's establishment were placed around the dinner-table. While in the drawing-room (if it may get the name) we each had a small glass of liqueur, *à la mode Française*, and chatted, etc., for a few minutes. Soon after six o'clock the king's butler announced to his Majesty that dinner was ready, and the door of the dining-room was thrown open. Rádama then walked in, making a sign to me to follow him, and while taking his place at the head of the table, he begged me to sit down on his right hand. Mr. Robin sat opposite to me, Mr. Corroller on my right, Captain Kelly on the left of Mr. Robin, and Mr. Morgan on the right of Mr. Corroller, Prince Rataffe on the left of Captain Kelly, Mr. Phillibert at the bottom of the table.

"The table was set with a good deal of taste, and covered with a profusion of dishes, silver and crystal abounded, and we had so many courses of well-cooked viands, fish, flesh, fowl, ham, etc., some of them in too great masses,

that I thought dinner was never to have an end.

"Even after Rádāma had given 'The health of King George IV.,' with the usual noisy solemnities, the band playing 'God save the King,' and I returned thanks for the king of England, a fresh course, consisting of a variety of dishes, crowded the table, and we recommenced gormandizing. I then gave 'The health of Rádāma, king of Madagascar,' with the same honors, and the band played a national air.

"After a short interval Rádāma drank 'Prosperity to the British nation,' with three cheers, and the band played 'Rule Britannia,' and shortly afterwards I returned 'The prosperity of Madagascar, and the civilization of her people under the direction of his Majesty Rádāma,' with three cheers; the band, if I be not mistaken, again played a national air. This toast much pleased the king, who, while most of our neighbors were busy eating and drinking, was occupied in telling me how much he owed to England, how dear the civilization of his people was to his heart, and how much opposition he had met with in the execution of his plans.

"My people," said he, "even now ask me boldly why I forget the customs and manners of my ancestors, why I put on fine uniforms like white men, why I have my table set out after their manner, why I use knives and forks, why I ride on horseback and make use of gaudy trappings, why my soldiers are clothed and disciplined like Europeans, why I have foreign music, and such like questions; and they conclude by praying me to relinquish them all and return to the days of yore."

"Sir Robert Farquhar's and Sir Lowry Cole's healths were proposed by the king and drunk with three cheers. His Majesty also proposed my health, when I returned, not Mr. Robin nor Mr. Corroller individually, as might have been expected, for political reasons, but 'The king's army and all the officers, especially those present, who,

as long as they did their duty to their king and country and towards my country and myself, I should be friends with.' I then shook hands with Rádāma, Mr. Robin, Mr. Corroller, and Prince Rataffe, and made signs to the officers more distant from me, and thanked them for their attention.

"While the desert and coffee were served up, some general patriotic toasts were drunk.

"Toward the conclusion of the feast, Mr. Robin proposed a toast; he then rose up and said, 'As Sir Lowry Cole is a great officer of the king of England, and I am a great officer of the king of Madagascar, I think myself justified in proposing the health of Lady Frances Cole,' which was accordingly drunk with 'hip hip hips.'

"If Mr. Robin expected that I should return as my toast 'Mrs. Robin,' he was deceived. I gave no toast at all, but purposely entered into close conversation with Rádāma. Mr. Robin sang a French air, and was accompanied by the band, and afterwards I, being solicited, began 'Auld Lang Syne' alone, but the band soon joined me.

"During dinner the whole of Rádāma's party behaved extremely well. The king took a glass of wine with each in his turn; I did the same, and all of us were in excellent humor and very merry, especially the king and myself.

"There was no want of wines, and some very tolerable wines, Madeira, claret, and champagne, besides ale and porter at pleasure.

"We remained till about eleven o'clock, when I said, 'Your Majesty, I think we have done sufficient honor to the bottle.' Rádāma soon rose and took me by the arm, and we walked into the drawing-room. The band were playing a country dance, and the king, holding my hand, began to dance, and I followed his example. His Majesty continued for some minutes hopping and skipping about the room, very often looking at his feet, while I gave him 'side-cutting' and 'high-cutting' in return, and we concluded by a regu-

lar wheeling round about a number of times while our hands were joined, till we wheeled out into the verandah, and I called for my horse. The king followed me into the courtyard and said, 'As you are very warm, let me send you home in a palanquin,' to which I replied, 'It would be disgraceful for a Briton not to be able to return as he came,' and bidding the king again good-night I got upon my horse, returned to my lodgings, and soon fell into the arms of Morpheus."

On November 1st he writes : —

"Dined quietly at home. About five o'clock I took a ride by the shore and met General Rafarlah and Princess Rafarlah (Rádāma's sister), whom the king expected, coming from Foule Point. It is impossible to describe the motley group. A company of black soldiers, altogether naked, with the exception of their *salack*, and armed with muskets, preceded the general, who rode a good horse. In a line, with the last rank and file, immediately behind the soldiers, followed the princess, borne in a kind of easy-chair with poles upon the shoulders of four men. The general was habited in an undress uniform — a blue jockey coat, sword, and cocked hat. The princess was dressed in the European manner, and had a yellow silk handkerchief thrown loosely over her head. A crowd of servants in all kinds of dresses or almost naked followed in complete disorder, carrying every kind of luggage. The general and the princess continued their way to the Battery, passing through the bivouac of the soldiers by whom they were saluted."

On November 2nd the king called in state on Mr. Lyall.

"At three o'clock precisely, his Majesty Rádāma entered the court, mounted upon a white charger, superbly equipped, the saddle being covered with purple velvet and adorned with gold trimmings. Mr. Morgan received him at the gate and I at the door of the house. He was accompanied by all the persons specially invited, and about a dozen of his chief officers in full uniform. They were

followed by a guard of honor, armed, but almost naked, and about twenty women of different tribes in their native dresses, who were occupied in singing while his Majesty remained with me.

"I showed the king a mineralogical chest, a variety of philosophical instruments and apparatus, some surgical instruments, the uses of which he was curious to know, and was highly amused with the catheter, etc.; a handsome medicine chest, a collection of gums, gum-resins, and resins, numerous books, especially military books, which attracted his special attention, a few naval books, various curiosities, and articles manufactured in Great Britain; fluid vaccine matter, brought from London in capillary tubes, etc. I also showed him a conjuror, and astonished his Majesty and the party by saying that one could cook a superior beef-steak in it without moving it from the spot in three minutes. Rádāma having expressed a great desire to see this performed, I ordered one of my servants to charge the conjuror with beef-steak, and I lighted the spirit of wine by means of a fire-box. At the expiration of the specified time, on taking off the lid of the conjuror, the steak was found beautifully done and burning hot. The king and all present partook of it, and every one praised it more than another. Ale, porter, and wine were handed round; the party seemed very happy, and much conversation went on."

On November 4th, Mr. Lyall had the honor of entertaining Rádāma.

"At six o'clock the king's approach to my lodgings was made known by the playing of the band, which preceded the king. His Majesty was on foot, and was received by Mr. Morgan at the gate, and by myself and Captain Kelly at the door of one of the pavilions, which served as the drawing-room. Princess Rafarlah was borne upon a chair, on the shoulders of four men, but all the gentlemen invited were on foot. A guard of honor, with an officer on horseback at their head, followed the king.

"Dinner was soon announced. All having taken some liqueur, I took Rádāma's arm and conducted him across the court to the dining-room, when his Majesty took his seat on my right hand, and the princess on the left hand. As I had been led to believe that Princess Rafarlah would not come because Mrs. Lyall was not there, the table was arranged only for nine persons, but an additional seat was placed on one side.

"The king was affable and merry, and he, as well as all the party, did justice to a double charge of beef-steak, which was dressed in the conjuror upon the table.

"When the dinner was about half finished, Rádāma said he wished to give a toast, and asked us to fill a bumper. He then rose and gave, 'The health of King George IV.,' which, of course, was drunk with the usual honors. I had told his Majesty that he had anticipated me, because I intended in proper time to give the first toast to 'The health of Rádāma, king of Madagascar,' a health which I now wished to be drunk, in a bumper, with all due ceremony. This being done, a couple of minutes afterwards, telling the king that I now wished to make up my leeway, I begged to give another toast, 'Madagascar and her inhabitants,' which his Majesty returned by, 'The British nation.' The band played the same tunes as during the dinner at the Battery.

"Different healths were then drunk, including Sir Lowry Cole's, besides two or three patriotic toasts.

"The king then requested me to tell him the hour, when he pulled out his watch and said, 'I wish to give you this chain as a souvenir of your friend Rádāma.' The king now pulled off his coat, unbuttoned his waistcoat—the princess still being present—and took a massive gold guard watch-chain from his neck, detached it from his watch, and desired me to fasten it to mine. This being done, he assisted me in putting the chain around my neck, and then proposed my health, which was accordingly drunk with the

same ceremonies as most of the others. I returned thanks, and drank to the company. Rádāma now said some flattering things of me to his suite (which Mr. Robin translated), and also to myself, and added that he placed the utmost confidence in me, and that he was sure I was a sincere friend, and desired to aid him in the civilization of Madagascar.

"The king having quietly informed me that he was immediately to commence the march towards Tananarivon, I took the opportune occasion of again drinking, by way of adieu, 'The preservation and health of his Majesty Rádāma, and the civilization of his people,' which, being drunk, the party sat down and I ordered coffee."

On the very day of this dinner-party Rádāma left Tamatave and set out for the capital, Tananarivon, as it was then called. Mr. Lyall then returned to the Mauritius, with the intention of establishing himself in Madagascar the following year.

"On reaching home I felt much gratified in recollecting that I had been absent from Port Louis only twenty-three and a half days, that I had been so fortunate as to meet King Rádāma at Tamatave, to gain his Majesty's good opinion, and apparently his confidence; and that there was every reason to believe that the objects of the present mission had been obtained.

"At all events, I endeavored conscientiously to do my duty, and I trust that this fair exposition of all my transactions will meet with the approbation of his Excellency, Sir Lowry Cole, and also that of the British government."

Here the narrative ends. In the following year Mr. Lyall returned to Madagascar, but by that time Rádāma was already stricken with mortal illness, and on the 28th of July he died. Mr. Lyall decided to remain with his family at Tananarivon, and study the flora and fauna of Madagascar. But on the king's death a reaction set in. The throne was seized by one of his widows. She banished the missionaries, excluded the Europeans, and the

tide of civilization rolled backwards for a while. Mr. Lyall was driven from Madagascar by a popular demonstration, in which the image of one of the idols was made to play a conspicuous part. He retired to Mauritius, and died there in 1831 from an illness, of which the seeds were sown by the unhealthy climate of Madagascar. A brief obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* states that at the time of his death he was about to prepare for the press an account of his adventures in Madagascar. Thus a valuable scientific record was lost to the world. Yet this little diary has added so vivid a picture to what we already know of the great Hova king as to give its author a claim to take a humble place among those who rescue the deeds of mighty kings from oblivion.

ALICE ZIMMERN.

From The National Review.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

BY ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

SOME writers have the power of creating a species of aerial landscape in the minds of their readers, often vague and shadowy, not obtruding itself strongly upon the consciousness, but forming a quiet background, like the scenery of portraits, in which the action of the lyric or the sonnet seems to lie. I am not now speaking of pictorial writing, which definitely aims at producing, with more or less vividness, a house, a park, a valley, but lyrics and poems of pure thought and feeling, which have none the less a haunting sense of locality in which the mood dreams itself out.

Christina Rossetti's *mise-en-scène* is a place of gardens, orchards, wooded dingles, with a churchyard in the distance. The scene shifts a little, but the spirit never wanders far afield; and it is certainly singular that one who lived out almost the whole of her life in a city so majestic, sober, and inspiring as London, should never bring the consciousness of streets and

thoroughfares and populous murmur into her writings. She, whose heart was so with birds and fruits, cornfields and farnyard sounds, never even revolts against or despairs of the huge desolation, the laborious monotony of a great town. She does not sing as a caged bird, with exotic memories of freedom stirred by the flashing water, the hanging groundsel of her wired prison, but with a wild voice with visions only limited by the rustic conventionalities of toil and tillage. The dewy English woodland, the sharp silences of winter, the gloom of low-hung clouds, and the sigh of weeping rain are her backgrounds; and it is strange that one of Italian blood should manifest no alien longings for warm and sun-dried lands. Robert Browning, who brings into sudden being by a word the whole atmosphere of the fiery Italian summer, the terraced vines, the gnarled olive, the bulging plaster where the scorpion lies folded, still hankered and yearned for an English spring morning. But Christina Rossetti, unlike even her brother, had no desirous leanings to the home of her race. The critic of future ages, if he was presented with the works of Mrs. Browning and Miss Rossetti, and a history of their lives, would, it may be said, acting on internal evidence only, assign such poems as "Aurora Leigh," and the "Casa Guidi Windows," to Miss Rossetti, and trace the natural heartbeats which still thrilled for the home of her origin,—and equally attribute the essentially English character of Miss Rossetti's feeling to the English poetess. It is a strange thing that the two greatest of English poetesses should have, so to speak, so passionately adopted each other's country as their own.

The only point in which Christina Rossetti's imagery may be held to be tropical, is in the matters of fruit. In "Goblin Market," in the "Pageant of the Months," even in such a poem as the "Apple Gathering," and in many other poems, she seems to revel in descriptions of fruit, which the harsh apples and half-baked plums of English

gardens can hardly have suggested. Keats is the only other English poet who had the same sensuous delight in the pulpy juiciness of summer fruit. It will be found, I think, that in the majority of English poets fruit is quite as often typical of immaturity and acidity as of cooling and delight.

This leads us to speak of another region which Christina Rossetti trod with an eager familiarity—the land of dreams and visions. With the exception of Coleridge, who in his three great poems moved in that difficult and turbid air with so proud a freedom, it may be said that no English poet, except Christina and her brother and James Thomson, ever successfully attempted such work. Mr. Yeats, it is true, of younger writers, has passed beyond the threshold of that eerie and unsubstantial land; but with him it is the melancholy Celtic twilight, the home of old earth-spirits, neither high nor hopeful, but with a bewildered sadness, as of discredited kings and discredited magicians. To a characteristically English poet such as Wordsworth, such a region, as he betrays in the memorable sonnet, “The World is too much with us,” was a place of desperate soulless horror. But Christina Rossetti, in “Goblin Market,” and the “Ballad of Boding,” as her brother, in “Rose Mary” and “Sister Helen,” passed successfully along the narrow road of dreamland. In English hands such subjects are apt to pass with fatal swiftness into the ludicrous and grotesque. Witness the merry horned demons of monkish manuscripts, the cheerful oddities, so far aloof from fantastic horror, of our English gurgoyles and stall-work, the straddling and padding forms of Bunyan. What is needed is a sort of twilight of the soul, a simple directness such as children value; a sense of grave verisimilitude, hopelessly alien from the business-like Puritan mind.

Then, too, there is the singular creation of the modern ballad, initiated by Coleridge, and carried to supreme perfection by D. G. Rossetti, and in a less degree by his sister, — that vague,

dream-laden writing, which, using old forms of austere simplicity, charges them with a whole world of modern sicknesses and degenerate dreams. It was this that Matthew Arnold went so passionately in search of in a poem like the “Scholar Gipsy,” and yet could contrive no inner picture of the haunted wanderer's thoughts, but only touch in the external aspects of the phantom traveller, as seen unexpectedly by human toilers and pleasure-seekers engaged in homely exercises.

But Miss Rossetti, in such poems as “Brandons Both,” and in a supreme degree in the exquisite ballad of “Noble Sisters,” which we will quote in *extenso*, laid a secure hand on the precise medium required:—

NOBLE SISTERS.

“Now did you mark a falcon,
Sister dear, sister dear,
Flying toward my window
In the morning cool and clear?
With jingling bells about her neck.
But what beneath her wing?

It may have been a ribbon,
Or it may have been a ring.”
“I marked a falcon swooping
At the break of day;
And for your love, my sister dove,
I frayed the thief away.”

“Or did you spy a ruddy hound,
Sister fair and tall,
Went snuffing round my garden bound,
Or crouched by my bower wall?
With a silken leash about his neck;
But in his mouth may be
A chain of gold and silver links,
Or a letter writ to me.”

“I heard a hound, highborn sister,
Stood baying at the moon;
I rose and drove him from your wall
Lest you should wake too soon.”

“Or did you meet a pretty page
Sat swinging on the gate;
Sat whistling, whistling like a bird;
Or may be slept too late;
With eaglets broided on his cap,
And eaglets on his glove?
If you had turned his pockets out,
You had found some pledge of love.”

“I met him at this daybreak
Scarce the east was red;
Lest the creaking gate should anger you
I packed him home to bed.”

"Oh patience, sister. Did you see
A young man tall and strong,
Swift-footed to uphold the right

And to uproot the wrong,
Come home across the desolate sea
To woo me for his wife?

And in his heart my heart is locked,
And in his life my life."

"I met a nameless man, sister,
Who loitered round our door;
I said: Her husband loves her much,
And yet she loves him more."

"Fie, sister, fie, a wicked lie,
A lie, a wicked lie,
I have none other love but him,
Nor will have till I die.
And you have turned him from our door,
And stabbed him with a lie;
I will go seek him thro' the world
In sorrow till I die."

"Go seek in sorrow, sister,
And find in sorrow too;
If thus you shame our father's name
My curse go forth with you."

But such writings, exquisite as they are, are but the outworks and bastions of the inner life. One could almost wish that Christina Rossetti were farther removed by time and space, and had passed beyond the region of letters, biographies, and personal memoirs, which before long will possibly begin "to tear her heart before the crowd." Nowadays, in the excessive zest for personal information, which received such shameful incentives from Carlyle, and still more shameless encouragement from his biographers, we may thank God, like Tennyson, that there are yet poets of whom we know as little as we know of Shakespeare, about whom even the utmost diligence of researchers has disinterred but a handful of sordid and humiliating facts.

But Miss Rossetti's poems are so passionately human a document as to set one tracing by a sort of inevitable instinct the secrets of a buoyant and tender soul, sharpened and refined by blow after blow of harsh discipline. The same autobiographical savor haunts all her work as haunted the eager dramas of Charlotte Brontë, perhaps the first of women-writers of every age. Step by step it reveals itself, the sad and stately development of his august

soul. The first tremulous outlook upon the intolerable loveliness of life, the fantastic melancholy of youth, the deep desire of love, the drawing nearer to the veiled star, disappointment, disillusionment, the overpowering rush of the melancholy that had waited, like a beast in ambush, for moments of lassitude and reaction. Then was the crisis; would the wounded life creep on on a broken wing, or would the spiritual vitality suffice to fill the intolerable void? It did suffice; and the strength of the character that thus found repose was attested by the rational and temperate form of faith that ministered to the failing soul.

At such a moment the sensuous spirit is apt to slide into the luxurious self-surrender that Roman Catholicism permits; to me indeed, it is a matter of profound surprise that Miss Rossetti did not fall into this temptation; but just as she had with instinctive moderation chosen the cool and temperate landscape of her adopted country, so the national Church of England, with its decorous moderation, its liberal generosity, its refined ardor, was the chosen home of this austere spirit. The other danger to be feared was that of a bitter renunciation of old delights, a sojourn in the wilderness of some arid and fantastic pietism. An elder sister of Miss Rossetti's indeed sought the elaborate seclusion of a religious house; and had D. G. Rossetti, to use the uncouth Puritan phrase, "found religion," there is no doubt that he too would have reverted to the Church of his fathers. But Miss Rossetti became, as Mr. Edmund Gosse has in a penetrating criticism in the *Century Magazine* (June, 1893), pointed out, the poetess, not of Protestantism, but of Anglicanism.

We must retrace our steps for a moment, and touch first on Miss Rossetti's love lyrics. Very occasionally she allowed herself, in the early days, to speak of love with the generous abandon of an ardent spirit, as in the exquisite lyric where she still lingers in the pictorial splendors of the pre-Raphaelite school.

A BIRTHDAY.

My heart is like a singing-bird
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot ;
 My heart is like an apple-tree
 Whose boughs are bent with thickest
 fruit ;
 My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
 My heart is gladder than all these
 Because my love is come to me.
 Raise me a dais of silk and down ;
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
 Work in it gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys ;
 Because the birthday of my life
 Is come, my love is come to me.

But as a rule her thoughts of love
 are clouded by some dark sense of loss,
 of having missed the satisfaction that
 the hungering soul might claim. Take
 two sonnets : —

REMEMBER.

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land ;
 When you can no more hold me by the
 hand,
 Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you
 planned,
 Only remember me ; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve ;
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I
 had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be
 sad.

AFTER DEATH.

The curtains were half-drawn, the floor
 was swept
 And strewn with rushes, rosemary and
 may
 Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
 Where through the lattice ivy-shadows
 crept.
 He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
 And could not hear him ; but I heard
 him say :
 "Poor child, poor child," and as he
 turned away
 Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.

He did not touch the shroud, or raise the
 fold
 That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
 Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my
 head :
 He did not love me living ; but once
 dead
 He pitied me ; and very sweet it is
 To know he still is warm, though I am
 cold.

In these sonnets the veil of some
 pathetic possibility unfulfilled is drawn
 reverently aside, and the soul-history
 is written in plain characters. But she
 is again more reticent, and only in sad
 allusions, incessantly recurring, in un-
 happy hints, is revealed the hunger of
 the spirit, the hand that was held out
 in hope for the heavenly bread, and
 closed upon a stone. After this the
 mood becomes one of reluctant cer-
 tainty, with little bitterness or recrim-
 ination ; the surrender is accepted, but
 the thought of what might have been
 is forever present.

Into the service of her religion, Miss
 Rossetti brought all the passionate fer-
 vor of her unsatisfied heart, all her
 intense enthusiasm after art, and
 passed steadily, we believe, to the
 forefront of all English religious
 poetry. She had not perhaps the curi-
 ous felicity of George Herbert, but on
 the other hand she had the balanced
 simplicity that stepped clear of his
 elaborate conceit, the desperate euphu-
 ism of Crashaw, and even the pathetic
 refinement of Henry Vaughan. Again,
 her passionate imagery put her ahead
 of the soft beauty of Keble, too apt to
 degenerate into a honied domesticity,
 above the pensive richness of Charles
 Wesley, whose Puritan outlook made
 his hand unsure ; above even the di-
 vine ardor of Newman, whose tech-
 nical dogmatism and paucity of human
 experience limited his range. With
 Miss Rossetti it was as the strong man
 armed, in the Gospel parable. When
 the stronger victor came, the spoil was
 annexed, and the ancient pride of de-
 fence was applied by a more dexterous
 hand. Can there be found in the rank
 of English religious poetry two more
 majestic lyrics than

A BETTER RESURRECTION.

I have no wit, no words, no tears ;
 My heart within me like a stone
 Is numbed too much for hopes or fears,
 Look right, look left, I dwell alone ;
 I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
 No everlasting hills I see ;
 My life is in the falling leaf ;
 O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,
 My harvest dwindled to a husk ;
 Truly my life is void and brief
 And tedious in the barren dusk ;
 My life is like a frozen thing,
 No bud nor greenness can I see :
 Yet rise it shall — the sap of Spring ;
 O Jesus, rise in me.

My life is like a broken bowl,
 A broken bowl that cannot hold
 One drop of water for my soul
 Or cordial in the searching cold ;
 Cast in the fire the perished thing ;
 Melt and remould it, till it be
 A royal cup for Him, my King ;
 O Jesus, drink of me ;

Or the third of the "Old and New
 Year Ditties : " —

Passing away, saith the world, passing
 away ;
 Chances, beauty and youth sapped day by
 day ;
 Thy life never continueth in one stay.
 Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair
 changing to grey
 That hath won neither laurel nor bay ?
 I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in
 May ;
 Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy
 decay
 On my bosom for aye.
 Then I answered : Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing
 away ;
 With its burden of fear and hope, of labor
 and play
 Hearken what the past doth witness and
 say :
 Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,
 A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must de-
 cay.
 At midnight, at cockerow, at morning, one
 certain day
 Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall
 not delay ;
 Watch thou and pray.
 Then I answered : Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away :
 Winter passeth after the long delay :
 New grapes on the vine, new figs on the
 tender spray
 Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.
 Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me,
 watch and pray
 Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is
 day,
 My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt
 hear me say,
 Then I answered : Yea.

The last-mentioned poem is indeed worthy of a technical remark. It is written in an irregular dactylic metre, the longer lines having a beat of five accents, the shorter of three or two ; but the whole scheme of rhyme, all three stanzas, a common form with Miss Rossetti, is actually built upon one single rhyme throughout. For such a conception one would be inclined to predicate certain failure ; the simplicity is too rude and daring ; yet how consummate the result.

This exquisite felicity did not continue. It could not be expected that it should. Miss Rossetti had always been capable in her writings of complete and unexpected failures ; in many of her lyrics everything is there — style, feeling, harmony — but somehow the mood does not quicken into poetry. In later life she published an immense volume, the "Face of the Deep," extending to over five hundred and fifty pages, a devotional commentary on the "Apocalypse." This is written in uncouth and shapeless prose, as a rule, and though it has many suggestive and striking thoughts, and some images of exquisite beauty, yet it is a singular monument of failure. Scattered up and down in it are several hundred religious lyrics, which are never exactly commonplace, but seldom satisfactory. I venture to quote one which may serve as a fair sample, p. 119 (Chap. iii., v. 10) : —

Wisest of sparrows that sparrow which sit-
 teth alone
 Perched on the housetop, its own upper
 chamber, for nest ;
 Wisest of swallows that swallow which
 timely hath flown

Over the turbulent sea to the land of its
rest :
Wisest of sparrows and swallows, if I
were as wise !

Wisest of spirits that spirit which dwelleth
apart
Hid in the presence of God for a chapel
and nest,
Sending a wish and a will and a passionate
heart
Over the eddy of life to that Presence in
rest
Seated alone and in peace till God bids
it arise.

One word must perhaps be said here on the question of her technical skill and metrical handling. She was herself of opinion as, with characteristic humility, appears from a letter of hers to Mr. Gosse, that the inspiration of her sonnets was wholly derived from her brother; that was an entire, if affectionate, mistake. There is no real or even apparent connection. There is none of the intricate scheming, the subtle interweaving of tremulous tones which make D. G. Rossetti's sonnets the most musical of English sonnets. But the consequence is that Dante Gabriel's sonnets are not in the least characteristically English. The sonnets of Milton and Wordsworth may be regarded as the true examples of English sonnet-writing, stiff, grave, sober, drawing through precise and even stilted metres to a sonorous and rhetorical close. D. G. Rossetti's are exotic work essentially. But that is not true of Miss Rossetti's. They are simple and severe. In such a sequence as "Monna Innominata" there is not a trace of the luscious and labyrinthine ecstasies of her brother's work; they are, indeed, far more like Mrs. Browning's sonnets from the Portuguese.

Trust me, I have not earned your dear re-
buke,
I love, as you would have me, God the
most ;
Would lose not Him, but you, must one
be lost,
Nor with Lot's wife cast back a faithless
look,
Unready to forego what I forsook ;
LIVING AGE. VOL. V. 248

This say I, having counted up the cost,
This, though I be the feeblest of God's
host,
The sorriest sheep Christ shepherds with
His crook.
Yet, while I love my God the most, I deem
That I can never love you overmuch ;
I love him more, so let me love you
too ;
Yea, as I apprehend it, love is such,
I cannot love you if I love not Him,
I cannot love Him if I love not you.

This severity is not the same in her lyrics; it will be obvious, from the specimens already quoted, that, if anything, the metrical scheme is not strict enough. In many lines will be found a deficiency of syllables, musically compensated for by variety of accent; many of her rhymes are almost licentious in their vagueness. But for some reason I have found that they do not offend the critical judgment. Whether it is that the directness and simplicity of the feeling overpowers all minute fastidiousness, or whether they are all part of the careful artlessness of the mood, is hard to determine. But the fact remains that none but the most inquisitive of critics would be likely to hold that the art is thereby vitiated.

Lastly, of all the great themes with which Miss Rossetti deals she is, above all writers, the singer of death. Whether as the eternal home-coming, or the quiet relief after the intolerable restlessness of the world, or as the deep reality in which the fretful vanities of life are merged, it is always in view, as the dark, majestic portal to which the weary road winds at last. True, in one of the earliest and most beautiful of all her lyrics, the sense of dissatisfied loneliness is carried on beyond the gate of death.

AT HOME.

When I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much-frequented house :
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange boughs ;
From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
They sucked the pulp of plum and peach ;
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat :

Said one : " To-morrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of sea."

Said one : " Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."

Said one : " To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

" To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way :

" To-morrow," cried they one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.

Their life stood full at blessed noon ;
I, only I, had passed away :

" To-morrow and to-day," they cried ;
I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast

No chill across the table-cloth ;

I all forgotten shivered, sad,

To stay and yet to part how loth :

I passed from the familiar room,

I who from love had passed away,

Like the remembrance of a guest

That tarrieth but a day.

But, if we can but read into it
the hallowing radiance of a tremulous
hope, the poem which, as Ellen Al-
leyne, she contributed to the *Germ* in
the days of her unregenerate energies,
may be her requiem now.

DREAMLAND.

Where sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmed sleep :

Awake her not.

Led by a single star,

She came from very far

To seek where shadows are

Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,

She left the fields of corn

For twilight cold and lone

And water springs.

Through sleep, as through a veil,

She sees the sky look pale,

And hears the nightingale

That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest

Shed over brow and breast

Her face is toward the west,

The purple land.

She cannot see the grain

Ripening on hill and plain ;

She cannot feel the rain

Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, forevermore

Upon a mossy shore ;

Rest, rest, at the heart's core

Till time shall cease :

Sleep that no pain shall wake ;

Night that no morn shall break,

Till joy shall overtake

Her perfect peace.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CHINESE WAR.

BY COLONEL HILL JAMES.

It is perhaps little remembered by a younger generation that so late as five-and-thirty years ago English sentinels did duty on the walls of the great city of Peking. There was a reference to this lately in the press, when it was stated that the capital of China was taken and pillaged within the last fifty years. The assertion is hardly correct. Taken it was ; pillaged it was not, although the sacking and burning of the emperor's summer palace, some five miles distant from the city itself, may well have led to that misapprehension. This deed of retribution was a just and very necessary reprisal for an act of gross treachery on the part of the Chinese, which led to the torture and cruel death of several Europeans.

In the autumn of 1860 the English expeditionary force, under General Sir Hope Grant, aided by a smaller French contingent, commanded by General Montauban afterwards Comte de Palikao, had taken the celebrated Taku forts, at the mouth of the Pei-Ho, and occupied the city of Tien-Sin thirty-five miles higher up the river. Here the false negotiations, commenced by the Chinese in order to gain time, having been broken off, and the allied forces in full march upon Peking, peace was again sued for, and it was agreed on both sides that the preliminaries should take place at Tung-Chow, a town at the head of the navigable portion of the Pei-Ho, about ten miles from the walls of the capital city.

With the object, then, of making arrangements for housing and provisioning the troops, while the prelimi-

naries of peace were being discussed, a party of English officers, interpreters, and officials, to the number of about forty, including Mr. (afterwards Sir Harry) Parkes, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Loch, Mr. Bowlby (special correspondent of the *Times*), Mr. de Norman and others, together with a like number of French officials, was sent forward in advance of the army to Tung-Chow, escorted by five troopers of the First (King's) Dragoon Guards and a small detachment of Indian cavalry under Lieutenant Anderson. The party, in high spirits and with light hearts, entered Tung-Chow, little recking of the terrible fate which was very shortly to befall them. They had commenced their inspection of the place, and were busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements, when the Chinese army outside the walls, lying between them and our own forces, suddenly got under arms, and, cutting off retreat from the town, enclosed the unsuspecting advance guard like rats in a trap.

General Sir Beauchamp Walker, then a lieutenant-colonel, with an officer of the commissariat department, Mr. Thompson, and four troopers of the King's Dragoon Guards, becoming aware of what was going on outside, sent at once to warn those in the town of their danger. At the same time a French officer, named Ader, and his orderly were suddenly attacked, and Walker with his companions galloped off to their rescue. The two Frenchmen made a gallant fight of it, but were presently disarmed, cut down, and hacked to pieces; not, however, before the brave officer had, by a supreme effort, raised himself from the ground, and shouted with his last breath to the Englishman, "Make for the camp, colonel, and tell them there what these curs are doing."

Then Walker and his little band dashed forward, sword in hand, and cut their way through the Chinese army amid a storm of bullets. They did not, however, regain the English lines without paying toll. Colonel Walker and Mr. Thompson were both

wounded; the former in the hand, when his sword was wrested from him in the *mêlée*, and the latter by a lance-thrust in the back. The four dragoons displayed great coolness and gallantry, but they too had a man hit; and when the party, galloping and breathless, approached the front of the advancing English troops, a loose horse, wounded and riderless, fell dead at the feet of Sir Hope Grant, who was riding at the head of the column, thus dramatically announcing that "bad news from the front" which was now to be fully confirmed by those who had so marvelously escaped.

The allied commanders had previously become aware that a large cavalry force was somewhere in front of them by observing the remnants of their late encampments, and had, none too soon, agreed upon a plan if obliged to fight. General Montauban wished to attack at once; but Sir Hope Grant with cooler judgment decided to give the Chinese a chance of keeping their promises, rightly saying that the first shot from our guns would be the death-warrant of our people in Tung-Chow. He also desired to wait for the return of Mr. Parkes, that able and indefatigable interpreter, who, as he remarked, from his intimate knowledge of the Chinese and their ways was worth an army in himself. Now, during all this time and to the very last, the Chinese did not cease to keep up the traitorous farce of sending mandarin after mandarin, some of high rank and with many retainers, to arrange the details of our reception. The last one arrived but an hour before Colonel Walker's party, chased and wounded, was seen scouring across the plain, and had the effrontery to demand an interview with Lord Elgin, to settle the ceremony of the ambassador's entry into Peking to ratify the treaty of peace. Sir Hope Grant told him that the ambassadors did not march with the advance guard of the army; but since it was a question of etiquette, he would like to know why the place appointed for our reception was occupied by a Tartar army. The mandarin, not a whit dis-

confited, coolly replied that there must have been some misunderstanding, and that he would go immediately and order the Tartar army to retire.

That treachery was afoot there could no longer be any possible doubt, and an instant attack was decided on. There was nothing else to be done, for the allied forces did not amount at most to four thousand¹ all told, and could ill afford to hesitate in front of thirty thousand Orientals. As General Montauban had no cavalry, except a small personal escort of Spahis, Sir Hope Grant had as an act of friendly courtesy lent him a squadron of Sikhs, which he very presently made use of.

The two commanders shook hands in front of the troops, and Montauban dashed off to open the engagement on the right, by advancing and turning the left of the enemy, so as to drive them under the fire of the English guns. After some cannonading Montauban ordered his cavalry to charge. Away went the little band, lances down and heels in, Sikh and Mussulman knee to knee, with white turban and red burnous fluttering in the wind, and ploughed a big furrow as they went, far as the eye could follow, in the Tartar host. They reached a battery of five bronze guns, which they took, sabring the gunners at their posts, and themselves losing one French officer killed and another wounded.

Montauban continued his advance, and presently came upon sixty bronze guns placed in battery on the bank of the Imperial canal. A flank fire of artillery was brought to bear; they were quickly dismounted, and gradually the Tartar army was thrown into confusion, which was the prelude of retreat, after losing eighty pieces of cannon.

It was now two o'clock; the battle of Chunkiawan had been fought and won against Sankolinsin's best troops, his braves, and his Tiger Guards.²

¹ The force originally embarked at Talien-Wan for the front was eleven thousand English, and six thousand seven hundred French, but the ambassadors, not suspecting treachery, had advanced from Tien-tsin with a small force only.

² Sankolinsin was the Chinese commander-in-chief, a man of great repute among them, and his

Our troops had been nine hours under arms without food, and it was absolutely necessary to rest for a while.

But what of our captives at Tung-Chow? As soon as the battle was over, a demand was immediately sent to the taotai, or governor of Tung-Chow, still a mile or two distant, to give up the prisoners. He replied that they had been taken away, and that he knew nothing more about them. We know now, but we did not know then, that they had been bound hand and foot with green withes, thrown into common country carts, and sent off, some first to the summer palace, to gratify the eyes of the emperor and his ladies, and then to forts farther up the country, there to be murdered or to die, while others were sent direct to Peking. At Peking they were put in cages, horribly treated, and many of them done to death after days of torture. Two—Captain Brabazon, R.A., and the good Abbé Duluc—were executed on the field, after the battle at Palikao Bridge some days later. Of these nothing was ever found but a small piece of an artillery overall, and a bit of the missionary's cassock. A year later still, and parental affection brought to China the father of the gallant officer, in search of the remains, or some little relic of his lost son; but a careful and anxious personal examination led to no discovery, and to this day his resting-place remains unknown.

It may be noted, in view of these proceedings, that an edict from the Chinese emperor had been found in the pocket of a mandarin of high rank who was killed at Taku, directing all his subjects, soldiers or peaceful citizens, townsmen or country laborers, to kill and destroy the barbarians as they would malicious beasts, by all and every means in their power. This

Tiger Guards were dressed in yellow and black striped uniforms, to imitate the beast. He is described as a burly-looking Tartar, rather short, and with a red, pimply face, as if he indulged too much in *samsu*, the native spirit of the country. Our soldiers called him Sam Collinson, and declared, in their fun, that he was a runaway Irishman from the Royal Marines.

manifesto further put a price on the heads of the ambassadors and generals, of four hundred and eighty and three hundred and twenty pounds respectively, and on those of lower ranks in proportion. After such an invitation from the Son of Heaven to his people, no wonder that cruelties of fiendish ingenuity were perpetrated.

The prisoners being no longer in Tung-Chow, and the Chinese army having entirely withdrawn from the place, it was decided to pass that town and march straight on Peking.

Now the Chinese mandarins had determined to play their last card, and make a final stand at Palikao Bridge, a handsome white stone structure over the canal which joins Tung-Chow with Peking and completes the water-way between the capital and the sea. Here they had assembled a vast mass of cavalry, which, by the way, is said to be their best arm, supported by guns and infantry; they numbered between fifty and sixty thousand men, the allies perhaps five thousand. On the morning of the 21st of September, then, three days after the battle of Chang-kiauan, the allies marched to the attack, and the battle commenced. The Tartar cavalry manoeuvred silently and with great precision, taking their general orders by flag-signal from a gigantic Tartar, who stood near the head of the bridge, with an enormous flag of black and gold, and acted as a sort of fogle-man to convey the directions of their commander-in-chief.

More than once did the mounted masses charge steadily up to within fifty or sixty yards of the French line, quickly correcting the confusion caused in their leading ranks by a withering infantry fire, and returning in fresh masses to the attack. Enveloping the small allied force was evidently the plan, and several well-executed attempts were made to get round our flanks, and also between us and the French; but Armstrong shells and French shrapnel did their work, and presently the heavy masses began to break, and a gentle, though fairly orderly, movement to the rear com-

menced. Ere this had set in, however, the English cavalry force, consisting of Fane's and Probyn's Sikh Irregulars, and two squadrons of the King's Dragoon Guards, had a rare opportunity, which they did not fail to seize, the ground being flat and favorable to the action of cavalry. Thirsting for a chance of avenging the base trick which had entrapped their comrades, every man's blood was up when the welcome order came to charge.

Then did lancer and dragoon set their teeth, and with willing arms and braced-up sinews prepare to take signal vengeance on the treacherous Tartars. The English squadrons were on the right, with Fane's Sikhs on their left, Probyn's regiment being in reserve. The enemy awaited them on the opposite side of a sunken road, with a four-foot drop into it, and a six-foot bank on the other side. The Tartars had chosen their position cunningly, expecting the "Barbarians" to tumble into the road, or at any rate to be put into some disorder by it. On came the English, a glittering avalanche of steel and, although the sunken road and banks shook for an instant the symmetry of the charge, they surmounted them, and were in another moment among the Tartars, who, mounted on their stout and hardy cobs, were just the height for the dragoons' sword-arms. The Sikhs, separated by a village from the English, did almost equal execution on the left; but a dry ditch put down most of their rear rank, so that they accounted for a hundred and fifty of the enemy, as against two hundred cut down by the dragoons. But justice in China rarely falls on the right shoulders. The mandarins, or governing class, who commit these crimes, take good care to be the first to absent themselves when the day of reckoning comes. The huge signal-man at the bridge-head remained, as if with a charmed life, to the very last. Cool, erect, and regardless of the slaughter around him, he stood his ground with sublime courage; never attempting to budge an inch, even when left alone among the dead, until

at last he fell, shattered by a French shell which severed the arm from the body, the great flag falling with it, the hand still grasping the pole. He fell amidst the admiration of his foes.

There was nothing now between the allies and the capital, nothing to save it, and yet, notwithstanding all this, with the "Barbarians" at their gates and the emperor on the point of flight, the stupid arrogance and incredible pride of the Celestials still held their ground, and the prisoners were not given up. Temporizing and excuses were again resorted to. The prisoners were very well, it was said; their presence at Pekin was a guarantee of our pacific intentions; they would be given up when the treaty of peace was signed, and we had withdrawn our troops. Such were the blinds put forward by that same Prince Kung, brother of the emperor of that time and uncle of the present occupier of the dragon throne, who then, as now, was at the head and front of the negotiations. A fortnight had been wasted in foolish talk, which ended in nothing; the prisoners had not been returned; the cold weather was approaching, and on the 5th of October Lord Elgin found himself obliged to direct the troops to advance upon Pekin.

On the following day the two armies, marching within easy distance and sight of one another, soon found themselves within view of the capital.

Suddenly the French were missed; and now occurred a circumstance which caused some sore feeling at the time, and much discussion in the future. The French, at the end of the day, found themselves at Yuen-Min-Yuen, the emperor of China's world-famed summer palace, situated at the foot of the first range of hills about five miles to the north-west of the capital. They at once proceeded to pillage it, while our cavalry brigade, which had lost touch of our own force and had joined the French, occupied itself in outpost duty round the vast enclosure to guard against surprise. As for the rest of our force, they made unavailing search

for the French in every direction during the remainder of the day, and when night fell bivouacked in front of Pekin in the position Sir Hope Grant had previously agreed upon with General Montauban. At daybreak on the next morning, October 7th, Colonel (now Field-Marshal Viscount) Wolseley, deputy-assistant-quartermaster-general, was sent out to find our allies. Taking an escort of cavalry, he made a cast or two in the direction of the summer palace, and soon hit off the trail of our cavalry and of the French. Following it up for some miles, he came upon our busy allies at Yuen-Min-Yuen, and then returned to Pekin to pilot Lord Elgin and Sir Hope Grant to the spot. It may well be that Colonel Wolseley made a shrewd guess as to the most likely direction in which to make his casts, and certain it is that he was very quickly successful.

The French continued their plundering, and they make some plausible and even probable excuses as to how the sacking originally commenced, and other palliations (not altogether creditable to the discipline of their troops) as to why it continued; but neither one nor the other dispose of the main question why they were there at all, seeing that it was our day for marching in front. The English version is, that the two forces, having agreed to march in two columns side by side, the French halted on the way until the English force was out of sight, and then, without a word of warning, made a flank march direct on the summer palace, leaving the English to do what they liked. The French¹ account states that, after halting parallel with the English within sight of Pekin, some prisoners were captured in a neighboring wood, who confessed that a Tartar camp of ten thousand men was close at hand; that the French column at once unpiled arms, and marched to attack the left of the camp, while the English column, marching ahead, was to attack the right; that the English gradually widened the dis-

¹ Journal d'un Interprète en Chine, par le Comte d'Herisson; Paris, 1889.

tance between the two forces, and were finally lost to view. The Tartar camp was found to be evacuated, and then the French writer goes on to say, "A few minutes afterwards, an aide-de-camp of General Grant's arrived to warn the French commander-in-chief that, according to information obtained from his spies, the Tartar army had retired to Yuen-Min-Yuen." He further proceeds to make the surprising statement that "General Grant announced that he was going there, and prayed his colleague to go there too;" and that thereupon, "General Montauban gave the necessary orders for the march to Hai Tien, the village near the palace."

The record of events hardly bears out this account. At the time spoken of, it would seem that the English had already lost touch of the French, were scouring the country to find them, and did not actually find them until they were discovered next day at the summer palace by Colonel Wolseley. Therefore an aide-de-camp could not have been sent to them with instructions to proceed there. Again, had there been any order given or request made to march on the summer palace, then there could have been no doubt as to where the French column was, and there would have been no need to look for it.

At the same time, I must, in justice to our allies, quote a sentence from a curt diary of events, written on a stained sheet of thin letter paper, which has been kindly lent to me by Professor Douglas, who does not know by whom it was written, but fancies it may have been the work of our common friend Charles Gordon. In this view I share, for the writing, which is well known to me, I believe to be his. The sentence runs as follows: "October 5th (6th?): Pushed on to the Tartar camp at the Anting gate, on the north side of the city, intending to rendezvous at the summer palace in the evening. The British general, however, changed his mind and halted at the Tishing gate after the Tartars were driven away, but the French pushed on

and got possession of the chief gate of the summer palace, which was defended by some eunuchs." This would certainly seem to throw some doubt on the original destination of the day's march.

Sir Hope Grant joined his forces to the French at the palace, and then the removal of what remained of the valuables was methodically carried out, the soldiers working in parties under their officers; a prize committee was appointed, and everything which had been collected was sold by auction at very high prices for the benefit of the prize fund.

To describe the splendors of the summer palace would need a very able pen. I have heard the French at Yuen-Min-Yuen likened to bees on a summer day, going and coming, yellow with gold ornaments and imperial satins, gold watches hanging to the buttons of their uniforms, their pockets stuffed with splendid embroideries and trumpery knick-knacks mixed with priceless pearls and precious stones, playing magnificent musical boxes as they danced with excitement upon gorgeous silks and furs, which strewn the ground as mere dish-clouts in the mud. At last the wealth so palmed upon these busy toilers that, tiring of the work, they turned to divert themselves with smashing the vast mirrors on the walls. It was the very delirium of loot!

The French writer, from whom I have already quoted, notices the curious fact that many of his countrymen were more attracted by a mechanical or clockwork curiosity than by the richest jewels. He describes the din and disturbance of the following night, when the whole camp rang with the drumming of toy rabbits to the shrill accompaniments of toy monkeys beating cymbals, flutes, clarionets, and the singing of various mechanical birds; these sounds, with the striking of alarm clocks and the repertory of a thousand musical boxes in every key, were mingled with the sonorous laughter of *ces gens si faciles à amuser*. He may well say of the scene that it was a nightmare.

But it must not be supposed that the

English had no share in all this. It was an act of retaliation in which we too took our part, and, after what may be called the official clearance was over, some valuable prizes were found. For instance, on asking a friend who had entered with the cavalry whether he had secured anything of interest, he leisurely put his hand into his pocket and brought out a loose handful of pearls, some as large as the end of one's third finger, quietly observing, "Yes, I got a few of these, and one or two other odd things." One of the other odd things was a skull, supposed to be that of a former emperor, lined inside with pure gold, and standing on a solid tripod of the precious metal, with a ladle of the same belonging to it. It was said to be used, on certain festive occasions, as a punch-bowl. Then there was the lucky individual who stumbled across a large joss, or sacred image, about three feet and a half high, which, upset from its pedestal, was lying on the floor rejected by all comers as valueless. But the lucky one had not been through the Indian Mutiny for nothing; a touchstone came from his pocket, and the golden joss found its way to England, where a sum, variously stated at from twelve to fifteen thousand pounds, rewarded the intelligent investigator. A pair of chased gold claret-jugs of European make, no doubt sent out as a present to his Celestial Majesty, came into the hands of an acquaintance for the modest price of a sovereign and a bottle of whiskey. Comte d'Herisson mentions that his orderly, an Arab Spahi, brought him two handfuls of pearls, which he refused, but which a brother officer bought for a bottle of brandy. True, brandy was expensive, and cost a hundred francs the bottle; but the pearls sold afterwards for thirty-five thousand francs. Pearls and beautifully carved lumps of ivory seem to have been the favorite ornaments, strung loosely on to the embroidered *tabliers*, or ephods, worn in front by the great mandarins. Most of the pearls were in consequence bored, as is usual in the East.

I take this description of the summer palace (which I visited about a week after the sack) from Rennie's "British Arms in China."

From the place at which it was first entered by the French on the 6th of October, it was at least six or seven miles before the last building was reached; over this large extent of ground were gardens, palaces, temples, and pagodas on artificial hills; some of them three or four hundred feet in height, with forest trees of all kinds covering their sides, through the green foliage of which were seen the yellow tiled roofs of the various imperial residences. A large lake lay buried in the midst of these wooded hills, with two or three islands on it, with picturesque buildings, joined to the mainland by quaint but beautiful stone bridges. On one side of the lake, extending upwards of two miles, winding in and out among grottoes and through flower-gardens, roofed in by flowering creepers, was the favorite walk of the emperor and his court; in some places, where the palaces came to the water's edge, the walk was carried past them on a light and beautiful stone terrace, overhanging the lake. There were forty palaces in all, the imperial yellow everywhere predominating, even to the tiles of the turned-up roofs, as indeed did the five-clawed dragon in all the ornamentation.

The lake was full of gold-fish with many beautiful water-birds on it; and everywhere about the place roamed little Chinese pug-dogs, sniffing disconsolately for their lost mistresses. But all the ladies had not departed, as an amusing experience of Comte d'Herisson proves. Having seen enough of looting, he strolled into the park, and jumping into a lacquered gondola rowed off to inspect an island palace in the middle of the lake. On entering the chief room, which was furnished with yellow sofas, like Turkish divans, he thought he heard a sound as of some one breathing. With his hand on his sword-hilt he kicked over one of the sofas which seemed rather bulky, when out tumbled a lovely young creature, dressed like an empress, in precious embroidered silk tissue, who promptly prostrated herself with her back to the intruder, striking

her forehead on the ground, and discovering her beautiful back tresses fastened by enormous gold pins to match the long golden nails fitted to every finger. When she had been raised and reassured, the other sofa seats began to enlarge themselves little by little, and shortly the young interpreter found himself surrounded by twenty-seven beauteous damsels of the imperial harem. The situation was serious; but he gallantly took charge and ferried them across the lake, nine at a time, in the gondola, disembarking them out of sight at a wash-house containing a gorgeous English carriage (originally sent out with Lord Macartney as a present from George the Third to the emperor, and apparently never used), and finally despatching them, after an awkward encounter with one of his own sergeants, who wished to share the spoil, on three carts with a safe-conduct in the direction of Jehol, some hundred miles to the northward, whither their imperial owner had precipitately fled a few days before.

On the 8th of October the army started for Pekin; and on the same day Prince Kung thought fit to give up the prisoners, or rather such of them as remained alive, for half of them had been tortured to death or murdered in cold blood. It was only then that we learned from the lips of the living the fiendish treatment to which they had been subjected. Tied with new ropes, and manacled hand and foot, they were thrown into an open barred court at Pekin, and there left without food, exposed to the hot sun by day and to the trying cold of night. A sentry was placed in the court, who kicked them if they spoke, and forced filth into their mouths if they asked for food. Crowds came to gaze upon them through the bars; water was poured upon the green ropes to tighten them, until they cut into the flesh, and the hands and fingers swelled and burst, exposing the bones of the wrist, until at last gangrene set in. No wonder, then, that some went mad, and after days

of delirium died, their bodies being left with the living for many days; others were murdered outright, and their bodies thrown through a window into a pigsty. Mr. Parkes, Mr. Loch, and one Sikh were taken direct to Pekin, thrown into the filthy common prison with murderers and burglars, but in different dens; heavy irons were fitted round their waists, necks, hands, and feet, and they were fastened to a beam overhead by a massive chain. Mr. Parkes was frequently dragged out for interrogation in the dead of night, and constantly threatened with execution; the mandarins would not believe that he could not stop the advance of the British army and himself arrange the terms of peace. After four days he was taken out of the common jail and given a separate room, eight feet square, to share with his four jailers. This change of treatment was caused by the supersession of the mandarin who had planned the treachery at Tung-Chow by Prince Kung, a more enlightened man as Chinese mandarins go, although quite young at the time. While in the prison a pathetic attempt had been made by Messrs. Parkes and Loch to communicate with one another by saying "God save the Queen," but after the first note their voices had broken with uncontrollable emotion. Among the thrilling incidents of these days of anxious expectation was the discovery in a package of clothes, sent by their friends at the camp, of a worked handkerchief and embroidered dress-shirt. Such strange articles for two prisoners aroused Mr. Loch's suspicions, and he discovered a sentence in Hindustani, almost invisibly worked round in the embroidery, announcing that the bombardment would begin on the third day, and asking for the exact position of their place of captivity. One may conceive how the hopes and fears of the prisoners rose and fell as they read; how the zeal of their friend was weighed against the risk of instant death on the sound of the first gun. "That shot," said Hang-ki "will be the signal for your execution." It was made very plain to them that British

bombs would be answered by prisoners' heads. A few days afterwards they were again warned for execution that evening, and wrote their farewell letters, but were once more reprieved until the morrow. Eventually, on the twenty-first day of their captivity, they were put into carts, with the curtains drawn, told not to show themselves, and sent out of the city through an immense crowd, passing the great gate and finding themselves in the presence of the first English sentry just fifteen minutes before the emperor's warrant for their execution arrived from Jehol. Nothing could have prevented that warrant being instantly carried out, so that had the smallest hitch or delay occurred their lives would, after all, have been sacrificed. As it was, they owed them almost entirely to the good offices of Hang-ki. Twenty-six English and Sikhs had been entrapped at Tung-Chow, and thirteen Frenchmen. Of these, only eleven English and six French were restored alive.¹

The two armies had quartered themselves in the suburbs of the city, outside the Anting gate, and the difficulty now was to find any one to negotiate with. All the principal mandarins had taken care of themselves and gone away, leaving only seven or eight insignificant officials in the city, who had neither the power nor the wish to act. The situation was embarrassing, for, given the city in our possession, which was an easy matter now, still there would be no one to treat with, and our object was, not to have the capital of China upon our hands, but to get the treaty signed ere the severity of winter set in and prevented our leaving the country by the Peiho, which is a frozen river for fully three months in the year. General Ignatieff, the Russian minister in Peking, put matters on a better footing. He sent for the small mandarins who were left, impressed upon them the gravity of the situation, told them they would have the city taken and burned before their eyes if they did not act at once, and eventu-

ally succeeded in getting them, with fear and trembling, to find and recall Prince Kung to treat for peace. In the meanwhile, the English siege-guns having arrived (the French had only field-pieces), everything was prepared for breaching the wall, unless the Anting gate were given up to the allies as security for the good faith of the Chinese, while the ambassadors entered the city to sign the treaty.

At twelve o'clock on the 13th of October the guns were to open, unless the gate were surrendered. As the time approached there was no sign from within the city. The scene was an interesting one: the field and breaching batteries were in position; the gunners, nothing loth, stood to their guns, already sponged out and run back preparatory to loading; the officers awaited the order to commence; General Sir Robert Napier stood, watch in hand, counting the minutes, as every field-glass was directed to the gate and every eye turned in the same direction. The minute hand had marked five minutes to twelve; the order was almost on the lips of the general, when Colonel Stephenson (now General Sir Frederick Stephenson, G.C.B.) galloped up, and announced the surrender. A few seconds later the Anting Mun was thrown open, and the Sixty-Seventh Regiment with the Eighth Punjaubees entered the imperial city.

Guards were at once mounted on the walls, of which we and our allies occupied about two miles. Field-guns were placed near the gate, so as to command the inner approaches from the city, and the position generally placed in a state of defence.

Prince Kung, assured of his own safety, had returned to Peking; but even at this crisis, when the guns were ready to open upon the city, it was the same old story, and every effort was made to postpone giving up the gate. It had to be, however, and on the 24th of October Lord Elgin entered the city in great pomp, with an escort of five hundred men, and proceeded to the Board of Ceremonies, where Prince

¹ See *Life of Sir Harry Parkes*; two vols. London, 1894.

Kung, with the usual formalities, attached the great seal of the empire to the treaty, which was thereupon signed and exchanged. Four days later the French treaty was signed, Baron Gros proceeding to the Board of Ceremonies in a sedan-chair, which to the eyes of the Celestials, accustomed to this mode of conveyance for their own high officials, was possibly a more impressive and dignified fashion than riding. A house was set apart for our permanent embassy; Mr. Adkins, a student-interpreter, who volunteered to remain in Pekin for the winter, took possession of it; and on the 9th of November, Lord Elgin, Sir Hope Grant, and Mr. Bruce (our minister elect to the court of China) quitted Pekin, and the war of 1860 was over.

Before the army quitted Pekin General Michel's division was sent to burn what remained of the summer palace, as a lasting mark of retribution for the savage treachery planned and carried out by the rulers of the country. The people, with whom we had no quarrel, their homes, and their property were left uninjured; but it was very necessary to leave some mark of our presence as victors which would be visible to all. Every day we were hearing of proclamations to the effect that we had petitioned and been allowed as a favor to advance and see Pekin, and had afterwards received permission to withdraw, with similar nonsense, which would be, and no doubt was, readily believed by the country folk. With them, however, we were on the best of terms, and they invariably furnished markets for us and brought in supplies.

The war was over, but a large indemnity (two million sterling) had to be paid by the Chinese government, and to the families of the murdered prisoners one hundred thousand pounds. Until this was handed over, and our minister safely installed at Pekin, a strong brigade, consisting of three infantry regiments (including the Thirty-First, of which I was then adjutant), Fane's Horse, two batteries of artillery, and some military train, under Brigadier-General (now Sir Charles) Stanley,

occupied the city of Tien-tsin, where they were soon cut off by frost and snow from all communication with the outer world for the succeeding four months. The climate is a severe one, the thermometer constantly falling below zero, but as there is little wind and less moisture it is healthy and very bearable. Fur-lined patrol jackets and fur caps were the order of the day, and the Sikhs in their sheepskin tunics, with the wool next the body, seemed to get on very well. We were there for two winters, and on some future occasion I may perhaps give a short account of how we amused ourselves. So long as towns and villages, which are numerous, could be occupied, I can conceive it being quite a possible country for a winter campaign, as all the canals are frozen, and the country is open and hard for the transport to pass.

In conclusion, I may perhaps express the opinion that, although we won our battles easily, and things seem now to be going all one way for the Japanese, still John Chinaman is an excellent fighting man if properly armed and decently led. He possesses qualities especially fitting him for a soldier. He has no fear of death; he is strong and of good physique, can live upon much less than a European, is frugal, patient beyond belief, hard-working, persevering, good-tempered, amenable to training and severe discipline, and not resentful of rebuke. He is a good marcher and accustomed to carry heavy weights, is habituated in the north to the extremes of heat and cold; and, lastly, he has that stubborn persistence so valuable in a soldier. All this can be easily proved; but the way in which the Chinamen stuck to their wretched guns, fighting them until they were cut down or killed at their posts, and the way in which Gordon's ever victorious army (which was largely officered by non-commissioned officers and privates of my own regiment) fought against the Taipings, should be a sufficient voucher. On quitting China, in 1863, after three and a half years' experience of the country

and its people, I remember thinking that I could wish for nothing better, as a soldier, than a brigade of trained Chinese well armed and officered by Europeans. It is the system which is at fault, not the material.

From The Athenæum.

CARLYLE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN.

THE subjoined account was written by Carlyle to his sister Jean, the wife of the late Dr. Aitken, of Dumfries. For sufficient reasons it has been withheld from publication, and it is only now that we are enabled to give the interesting epistle to the public:—

Chelsea, March 11th, 1860.

DEAR JEAN,—Mary, I find, has inserted for you a small letter along with the one that belongs to the doctor. I have nothing of my own in the form of news beyond what that "child of Nature" will have said.

All busy here,—March winds "snell" as possible (one's new cape not useless) but not unwholesome; fine, dry, and cold, instead of the wet, tepid puddle we have long had, and, in consequence, sleep a little better than then.

But my present business is to tell you exclusively of the queen's interview, for which great object I have only a few minutes. Swift then, if my poor hand but would! "Interview" took place this day gone a week. Nearly a week before that the dean and deaness (who is called Lady Augusta Stanley, once Bruce, an active, hard and busy woman) drove up here, and, in a solemnly-mysterious, half-quizzical manner, invited me for Thursday, 4th, at 5 P.M.,—"must come; a very high, indeed highest personage has long been desirous," etc., etc. I saw well enough it was the queen's *incognita*, and briefly agreed to come. "Half past four, come you," and then went their ways.

Walking up at the set time I was ushered into that long drawing-room in their monastic edifice. I found no

Stanley yet there; only at the further end a tall old year-pole (?) of a Mrs. Grote, the most wooden-headed woman I know in London, or the world, who thinks herself very clever, etc., and the sight of whom led me to expect Mr. too, and perhaps others, as accordingly in a few minutes fell out. Grote and wife, Sir Charles Lyell and ditto, Browning and myself; that I saw to be our party. "Better than nothing," thought I, "these will take off the edge of the thing, if edge there be,"—which it hadn't, nor threatened to have.

The Stanleys and we were all in a flow of talk, and some flunkeys had done setting coffee-pots and tea-cups of a sublime pattern, when her Majesty, punctual to the minute, glided in, escorted by her dame-in-waiting (a Duchess Dowager of Athol), and by the Princess Louise, decidedly a very pretty young lady, and clever too, as I found out in talking to her afterwards. The queen came softly forward, a kindly little smile on her face, gently shook hands with all the three women, gently acknowledged with a nod the silent bows of us male monsters; and directly in her presence every one was at ease again. She is a comely little lady, with a pair of kind, clear, and intelligent grey eyes; still looks almost young (in spite of one broad wrinkle which shows on each cheek occasionally); is still plump; has a fine, low voice, soft; indeed, her whole manner is melodiously perfect. It is impossible to imagine a *politer* little woman; nothing the least imperious; all gentle, all sincere, looking unembarrassing,—rather attractive even; makes you feel, too (if you have any sense in you), that she is queen.

After a little word to each of us—to me it was, "Sorry you did not see my daughter" (Princess of Prussia), or "all sorry," perhaps so; which led us to Potsdam, Berlin, etc., for an instant or two. To Sir Charles Lyell I heard her say "gold in Sutherland,"—but quickly and delicately cut him short in responding. To Browning, "Are you writing anything?" (who has just

been publishing the absurdest things ! To Grote I did not hear what she said, but it was touch and go with everybody, — Majesty visibly *without* interest, or nearly so, of her own.

After this, coffee (very black and muddy) was handed round, queen and three women taking seats, queen in the corner of a sofa, lady cleanness in opposite corner, Mrs. Grote in a chair *intrusively* close to Majesty ; Lady Lyell modestly at the diagonal corner ; we others obliged to stand and hover within call.

Coffee fairly done, Lady Augusta called me gently to come and speak to her Majesty. I obeyed, first asking, as an old, infirmish man, Majesty's permission to sit, which was graciously conceded. Nothing of the least significance was said, nor *needed* ; however, my bit of dialogue went very well. "What part of Scotland I came from ?" "Dumfries (where Majesty might as well go sometimes). Carlisle, *Caer Lewel*, a place of about the antiquity of King Solomon (according to Milton)" whereat Majesty smiled. Border ballads and old James Pool slightly alluded to, not by name. Glasgow, and grandfather's ride thither, ending in more psalms, and streets vacant at 9½ p.m. —hard, sound Presbyterian root of what has now shot up to such a monstrously ugly cabbage tree and hemlock tree ! all which Majesty seemed to take rather well ; whereupon Mrs. Grote rose good-naturedly and brought forward her husband *cheek by jowl* with Majesty, who evidently did not care a straw for him, but kindly asked — "Writing anything ?" and one heard, "Aristotle, now that I have done with Plato" (but only for a minimum of time). Majesty herself (and I think apropos of some question about my *shaky hand*) said something about her own difficulty in writing to dictation, which brought forward Lady Lyell and husband, mutually used to the operation ; after which, talk becoming quite trivial, Majesty gracefully retired with Lady Augusta, and, in ten minutes more, returned, to receive our farewell bows, which, too, she did very prettily,

and sailed out as if moving on skates, and bending her head to us with a smile.

By the underground railway I was home before 7, and out of the adventure, with only a headache of little moment.

Froude tells me there are foolish myths about the poor business, especially about my share of it ; but this is the real truth, worth to me in strictest truth, *all but nothing*, in the myths less than nothing.

Tell the Dr. I intended writing him, but it is already (horrible to think !) a quarter past 4.

Adieu, dear Sister,
Yours ever,

T. C.

From Public Opinion.

PLATO AS A FORERUNNER OF CHRIST.

PASSAGES in Plato's writings which some of the early Christian fathers attributed to divine inspiration, and which others attributed to a supposed acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures, have not lost their interest with the lapse of years. The latest defence of his right to the title, "the forerunner of Christ," appears in *Danskeren*, of Denmark. The more striking similarities between Plato's writings and the teachings of the Bible are set forth as follows : —

If we say, with Pressensé, "Greek philosophy was a preparation for Christianity, and we do not seek in it a substitute for the Gospel," we shall, as he also said, be in no danger of overstating its grandeur in order to estimate its real value. . . . In a general way we say that the propædæutic office of Grecian philosophy was to destroy the polytheistic notions of the nations and to substitute the theistic idea in a spiritual form. Plato contributed very much to this end by enforcing and enlarging the Socratic "know thyself." That maxim introverts the mental gaze. In consciousness are revealed the universal and necessary principles. From these absolute ideas Plato ascends to an *Abso-*

lute Being, the author of all. This absolute being is Goodness, God. Plato will not tolerate images of God. He will not even allow the education of youth to include "the stories which Hesiod and Homer and other poets told us." God is the "Supreme Mind," "incorporeal" and "unchangeable," "eternal" and the "source of all order and beauty."

But Plato goes much further. His teachings awaken and enthrone conscience as a law of duty, and that involves the elevation and purification of the moral idea. To aspire after perfection of moral existence, to secure assimilation to God, is Plato's aspiration. He has justly been called "the great apostle of the moral idea." Such teachings were startling to a corrupt society, where all faith in a beneficent, overruling Providence was lost. Such a society had need to be "called to order" preparatory to the coming of the Lord. And Plato was its John the Baptist. He affirms again and again that man cannot by himself rise to purity and goodness. "Virtue is not natural to man, neither is it to be learned, but it comes to us by a divine influence. Virtue is the gift of God in those who possess it." That "gift of God" was about to be bestowed in fullness of power and blessing through the coming of Jesus Christ, "the desire of the nations." We clearly see "the feeling after God" in these longings of Plato. From him the "desire of the nations" spread to all Greece, for all looked to him as a prophet of the new, though they did not understand him.

Plato went further yet; indeed the idea of an Incarnation was not unfamiliar to the heathen mind. The incarnations of Brahm, particularly that of Vishnu, the second person of the Hindu Triunurti [Trinity] were known far and wide. Greek mythology abounded in metamorphoses. It was, therefore, quite natural that the people of Lystra, when they saw Paul and Barnabas, should say, "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men." The idea of incarnation had become so common that we find it in

poetry. Virgil, the Roman poet, who was contemporary with Christ, seems to re-echo the prophecy of Isaiah:—

The last age decreed by the Fates is come,
And a new frame of all things does begin;
A holy progeny from heaven descends
Auspicious in his birth, which puts an end
To the iron age, and from which shall rise
A golden age, most glorious to behold.

Plato contemplates with sadness the fallen state of man. In the "Phædrus" he describes man's original purity and happiness, and laments "this happy life, which we forfeited by our transgression." To restore this lost image of holiness is the work of God; man cannot do it himself. "Virtue is the gift of God." Plato thus discovered the need of a Saviour; he saw clearly the desire of the human heart for a Saviour. But he did not predict his coming; at least not in very emphatic terms. He hints at a "conqueror of sin," an "assuager of pain," an "avert of evil." . . .

Since the time of the fathers it has been customary to read the story of the crucifixion in Plato's "Republic," where is discussed the question, Which is the happier life, that of the just man persecuted as a criminal, or of the unjust man honored and apparently successful in all his undertakings? "There will be no difficulty," said Glaucon, "in ascertaining what life will be the lot of either. It shall be told, then; and even if it should be told with more than unusual bluntness, think not that it is I who tell it, Socrates, but those who prefer injustice to justice. These, then, will say, that the just man thus situated—considered as a criminal—will be scourged, tortured, fettered, have his eyes burned out, and, lastly, suffering all manner of evil, will be crucified; and he will know, too, that, in the common opinion, a man should desire not to be, but to appear, just. . . . The other, on the contrary, holds the magistracy in the State . . . marries . . . succeeds, etc." There is no real reason to believe that Plato had read the prophecies of Isaiah. . . .

When we consider this delineation of

the Son of God, and Plato's declaration that man should assimilate himself to the Deity ; that God is the source of good, but not of evil, and that regeneration is a gift of God ; that the soul is immortal, and that there is a future retribution for all, we are justified in calling Plato a forerunner of Christ.

From The Illustrated London News.
OLD SUNDAY READING.

SUNDAY is no longer kept, in literary matters, with the old strictness. In the childhood of men now middle-aged, books which were reckoned really "Sunday books" were neither numerous nor entertaining. Still, few could deny that *Wesley's Magazine* or the *Arminian Magazine* was a Sunday book. Apparitions run wild in the wastes of the *Arminian Magazine*. "With my latest breath" (says the editor) "will I bear my testimony against giving up to Infidels one great proof of the Invisible world ; I mean that of Witchcraft and Apparitions. I do not think any unprejudiced man can doubt of the truth of the following narrative." Professor Huxley, one fears, will not be so "unprejudiced" as to accept "The Evil Spirit of Mascon," however Mr. Robert Boyle, F.R.S., found that it overthrew his "settled indisposition to believe strange things." M. Du Moulin, the translator of the tale from Pereaud, thinks that Satan is shy of showing himself, for fear he should convince Atheists, and, indeed, this consideration must be a great check on his activity. However, at Mascon, in 1612, he could not refrain, but drew a lady's curtains with great noise and violence ; he also pulled her blankets off, knocked on all the walls, and so disturbed a Protestant minister that he called in M. François Tornus, a notary and a Catholic. At first, for his own reasons, Satan would not show off before members of the Church, but, in about a week, he took to whistling, and even sang a little song about one and tenpence. He next gossiped very freely

in a human voice, and plucked objects out of people's hands, "with other indications of innocent mirth," as Lord Chesterfield says of Mr. William Herbert's practical jokes. He threw stones about but hurt nobody, and never tore any books. Even the Bishop of Mascon was interested in him, and he finally left the house without doing any mischief. That is all.

John and Ann Lambert of Winlington, were also vexed by a bogle in December, 1758. They had taken the house of Mr. Henry Cooke, a Catholic, lately deceased. The sprite began with rattling the latch and beating the walls ; then he appeared as a man in grave-clothes ; next as a square light, framing the face, "as white as chalk," of a man. This was not in Mr. Cooke's house, but in another, to which the Lamberts had retreated. Here the spectre jumped on Mrs. Lambert, and "came" in a surplice, with a wig, saying "Meet me at one o'clock, and I will tell you what I want," but he never did tell. Next he made a noise as of heavy artillery, and appeared in a working dress. Presently he took to throwing the little children about the room, and shaking the bed. The afflicted parents removed to a third house, at the other end of the town, where he scratched, and showed a great light. He then, for the first time in this "variety entertainment," appeared as the late Mr. Cooke, and he made a noise like grinding a hand-mill. He next "killed a cat in an uncommon manner," but what uncommon method of killing a cat he adopted we do not learn. Now he showed as a "brown and white calf," and next disappeared under the bolster as "a small black four-footed beast." The calf, by the way, swelled to the size of a horse, "swelling wisely before their very eyes." Mr. Lambert now saw him as Henry Cooke, standing beside the fire. This was the day before the account was written, and we are not informed as to whether this very versatile sprite persevered in his manifestations.

The *Arminian Magazine* presently

tells us how to cure children of sleep-walking. It suffices to place a tub of cold water in their rooms. If they once walk into *that*, they will be cured of somnambulism. At Newry, in Ireland, Frances and Elizabeth Dixon were much disturbed from 1779 till 1785. A dog "appeared," and "a little old man's head." Their own dog was much alarmed, and died. Their cat "struggled with some invisible agent," and "scratched Fanny Dixon terribly." Stones were thrown about, and poor Fanny was badly hit. An invisible hand tugged at her petticoats; unseen persons walked to and fro, puffed and snorted; "little creeping things like clocks (!) seemed to be running over them," also "things as large as lapdogs." "They are reduced to great want, being incapable of earning their living. They still say: 'Let the Lord do as seemeth him good.'"

We do not hear that a subscription was raised for these afflicted spinsters. Meanwhile, at Manchester, the Wesleyans were holding love feasts, in which they frequently "roared out." Mr. G. was converted after "roaring like a bear" and rolling up and down the floor for several days. It is hoped that now he will be "an ornament to religion." Nobody can deny that Arminian children had lively reading provided for them, ghosts being interspersed with an account of the salt mines at Wiliska, in Poland. Edifying death-beds are common, and "experiences" of young Christians. One of these, with other boys, used to pray daily in a woodyard, but being detected, took to drinking in the same secure retreat. That Mr. Wesley was a good man we are all agreed, but one is not so certain that he would shine as editor of *Good Words*.

ANDREW LANG.

THE VANILLA BEAN.—The so-called vanilla bean is not a bean at all, as is well known, but the fruit of a climbing orchid (*Vanilla planifolia*), the capsule or pod of which is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and from six to ten inches long, and has a certain resemblance to the so-called catalpa bean. The plant in its native home, in Mexico and tropical America, climbs over trees and shrubs by means of slender rootlets sent out from the joints of the stem. It is not a true epiphyte, however, but always maintains its connection with the soil. In its wild state it climbs to a height of twenty feet, but in cultivation it is kept within bounds, so that the unripe pods are not injured when the others are gathered. When the plants were first introduced into the West and East Indies, they grew vigorously and produced an abundance of flowers, but no pods. It was discovered that the particular moth which fertilized the flowers in Mexico was absent from its new home, and artificial pollination was resorted to, after which the plants produced abundantly. With a long splint of bamboo the lip of the flower is lifted away, and the pollen is transferred from the pockets and applied to

the stigma. The work is so easily done that one person can fertilize a thousand flowers in a morning. The pods require a month to reach full size, and six months more to ripen. The process of curing is long and complicated, and the aroma of vanilla is said to be produced only by fermentation. In the island of Réunion, in the Indian Ocean, where the plant is grown extensively, the pods are placed in a basket and plunged for half a minute in hot water, then placed on a mat to drain and exposed between woollen blankets to the sun for six or eight days, and kept in closed boxes during the night to promote a slight fermentation. When the pods are perfectly cured they are a dark chocolate color, pliable and free from moisture. When finally prepared, the pods are tied up in bundles, packed in air-tight boxes, and when in prime condition they are covered with a frosting of needle-like crystals of vanillic acid, which when pressed between the fingers gives off the characteristic odor. The supply of London comes largely from Mauritius and Seychelles, and the greater part of the vanilla imported into France comes from Réunion.

